THE CHICAGO LEDGER

L. XXX. NO. 13. CHICAGO, ILL., SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1902. Single Copies 5 Cents.

A GARDEN OF GHOSTS;

Or,

THE HOUSE IN WINK STREET.

By MARO ORLANDO ROLFE.

Author of "Filthy Lucre," The Rival Captains," Etc.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

PART I.

THE HAT AND THE CANDLE.

A summer night in 1894. Phlox, who was alone in the editorial rooms of the Agitator, got the following over the 'phone wire: "This is Zane—Cephas Zane, of the Sunshine Cemetery."

"The first shot," thought Phlox. "that was some-body, a larger. Some superintendent, I thought, I suppose. Go on, Zane," he said.

"2901 Wink street there is an interesting story to be given out by my reporter who will go for it. I consider the assignment in the right way."

"Ah! And the right way?"

"You must go there alone tomorrow afternoon and stay there as long as may be possible, and learn what you can while he has the opportunity."

"Perhaps he might die there," Phlox suggested Phlox.

"I need a certain point it is impossible for him to report."

"Grave robbers' next?"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Ghosts?" Phlox laughed at his own question.

"Are you afraid of dead people?"

Phlox did not answer, but he asked another question.

"Who is the head of the house?"

"Florence Haxton."

"Man or woman? Florence is one of those blanket names."

"I'm not going to tell you the story. Some one will have to go there for it. I am called away now."

Phlox heard Mr. Zane ring off and that ended the matter so far as the phone was concerned.

"I'll appropriate that assignment myself," said Phlox. "If there is anything in it, I'll have the credit of it. If it's no good, no one will laugh at me about it."

The following afternoon, dressed smartly in a black coat, gray trousers and a blue fancy vest, Phlox stopped at a corner drug store not far from 2901 Wink street, to make inquiries about the house before going to it. The druggist informed him curtly that it was known as Haxton house and that he knew nothing more about it and showed a decided disinclination to answer further questions.

Soon Phlox stood on the sidewalk across the way from 2901 Wink street, eyeing the house searchingly. It was a three-story basement brick and stone structure of conventional size and style, the front windows were protected outside by iron bars and inside by thick, dark shades. The steps leading to its front door were steep and numerous. Otherwise, so far as Phlox could see, Haxton house was much like its neighbors.

"Lookin' it over, I see."

The speaker was the policeman on the beat.

"Yes," answered Phlox, thoughtfully.

"Well, they're all curious about that house," said the policeman.

"What's the mystery of it?"

"Me?" asked Phlox. "Honest, I don't know," and the policeman shrugged his shoulders, "but I do know lots of people that wouldn't go up them steps and ring that door bell for a thousand dollars."

"What do they imagine would happen to them if they should do that?" asked the reporter, wonderingly.

"I've asked lots of 'em that and none of 'em could answer, but they're all afraid of the house."

"Who lives there?"

The policeman shook his head.

"One or more?" pursued Phlox.

"Some say one and some say no less."

"Is the occupant a man or a woman?"

"Some say a man and some say a woman."

"I'm going to climb the steps and pull the bell and see what happens," said Phlox.

"There's no law against it."

"No law, of course; but if you ever get inside of that house, you'll need all your nerve to stay there."

Phlox ran across the street and almost stumbled up the front steps of the house, and as he looked back over his shoulder and saw the policeman watching him, as if surprised at his audacity, he laughed cheerily.

Then Phlox pulled the old-fashioned knob that was supposed to be attached to the bell wire.

A deep gong-like sound rang in his ears with long reverberations, a sound that must have come from just within the door.

Presently the door was opened and beyond if he saw a hall, narrow and dark, that seemed to stretch away before him almost interminably.

In the distance, he saw dimly defined figures of men and women walking to and fro slowly, as if engaged in earnest conversation.

A woman in black, who seemed to come from nowhere in particular, signaled him to enter. She did not speak and Phlox thought she was crying softly.

When Phlox was two or three steps down the hall of Haxton House, he heard a loud noise behind him, occasioned by the slamming of the door.

It was followed by a succession of familiar sounds—the turning of a key in the lock, the shooting of a bolt, and a gentle shaking of the door, as if the woman who had admitted him were anxious that it be tightly closed and that there should be no mistake about it.

She walked before him along the hall, not more than twelve to sixteen feet, then threw open a door to the right, and, not yet speaking a word, indicated by a grave motion of the arm and bending of the body that he was to enter a room beyond.

He inclined his head and in a moment was in a large tapestried room, lighted by a candle which stood on a small stand at one side.

The room was carpeted, but contained no furniture except the stand and one chair.

With a feeling of weariness that was strange to him, Phlox sank on the chair.

He noticed that not a picture hung on those tapestried walls.

He wondered why the curtains should be so tightly drawn that not a streak of daylight should be visible anywhere; why the people of Haxton House preferred candlelight to sunlight.

"A strange place," he muttered. "An odd reception room, truly. The ladies and gentlemen whom I saw down the hall cannot spend much of their time in here. Doubtless, the rest of the house is more cheerful. Is anybody coming to greet me? How long must I sit down here alone?"

Five minutes passed during which time not a sound reached his ears.

He sat with eyes that ached fixed on the door by which he had entered the apartment.

He thought he had waited long enough.

"Too monotonous," he muttered. "If they don't care to come in here to learn what I want, I will go to them."

He went to the door and attempted to open it, but he could not turn the knob—it would not move.

"Hot here, anyway," he thought; "hot and stuffy."

He wiped his perspiring forehead and hung his hat on a hook that protruded from the wall about a foot from the candle. He could not have told why, but he noted the location of that hook exactly. Perhaps it was because there was so little else in the apartment for him to look at.

Going back to his chair, he thrust his hands into his pockets and leaned back and waited and wondered.

"Can it be that the woman who let me in has forgotten all about me? Has she told no one that a stranger has come within the walls of Haxton House?"

He closed his eyes and it seemed to him that his mind was preternaturally active. He thought of many things, and at times found himself making excuses for the neglect to which he was being subjected.

"Oh, they'll be her soon," he thought, "they have other guests and cannot leave them now. Perhaps they do not know that Mr. Zane sent me and consider me unforbidden. Why complain? I came here for what I should find here. I am to stay here as long as I can. Why should I court ejection by unseemly haste?"

Again he closed his eyes. When he opened them two or three minutes later his gaze fell again on the hat and the candles.

"Heavens!" he cried. "What does that mean? My eyes must deceive—no—I hung the hat not less than a foot to the left of the candle. Now, it is not three inches from the candle and likely to get burned!"

He crossed the room and snatched the hat from the hook, which was now less than one-fourth its former distance from the candle.

There was only one hook there. It was apparently screwed into the wall and only about half the length of its stem protruded through the tapestry.

"The candle has been moved," said Phlox, "but by whom—by what?" He shifted

"Heaven!" He cried, "what does that mean?"

the candle a little distance to the right, setting it down firmly on the stand.

"There!" he exclaimed, under his breath. "You're a good fifteen inches from the hat now. I'll see if you can get back again. I warn you not to travel to the right, for if you do you're likely to fall off the stand—you're at the end of it now."

Returning to his seat he watched the hat and the candle closely, and presently his eyes ached and he began to blink sleepily.

He did not really mean, but he forgot the hat and the candle and all else in a sort of waking dream, which, however, could not have been of long duration.

When he remembered where he was, he thought of the hat and the candle.

Again the hat was almost in the flame.

"Wonders and mirackles!" he gasped. "What enchantment is over this place?"

He ran to the stand and saw that the candle had not been moved much. The hat lay on the hook. The hook was fast in the wall.

Yet the hat was almost in the flame of the candle.

Little of the candle had been consumed, and this fact indicated that he had not been there long.

As soon as he could rescue his hat from its fiery peril, he looked at his watch.

An hour and a half had passed. An hour had passed since he had been ushered into that ghastly, deserted room by the speechless woman in black.

He found a pin under the lapel of his vest and with it he pulled the hat to the safety at the right of the candle.

"Now," he said to it, as he whispered, "Perhaps you will get to the candle again."

He flung himself on the chair.

Again Phlox was overcome by a feeling of weariness and drowsiness. It seemed to him that the station house was a sleepy place.

He watched the hat a minute or two and then his eyes closed and a restful sensation crept all through him.

"Well, I'm sleepy," he ejaculated, as he dropped the watch into its place and heaped another log upon the smouldering fire. Stand which bore the candle. "the hat's now traveling in the opposite direction. He is now directly under the candle and the stand. It has moved eight or ten inches to the right of the candle. Ugh! This is queer."

He bent over and examined the tapestry closely.

"The hook has now passed the candle and appears to be chasing up the hat," he thought.

He pulled the pin out of the hat and hung the hat upon the hook, which was two inches to the right of the candle, which was now in need of attention.

With the point of the pin he scraped out a little trench at one side of the wick and soon had a better light.

Then he returned to the chair.

"Lucky to find my seat," he remarked, noting especially that the chair was exactly in its former position with respect to the stand.

He sat down, holding his head in his hands and resting his elbows on his knees, and wishing with all his might that sleep for some sign that his presence there had not been forgotten by the speechless woman in the house.

After a time he arose and found one of the windows, which was tightly curtained and protected by boards which were covered by the same heavy cloth as the curtain. It gave the room its gloomy aspect.

At the window he could not see the side next the hall he knew there could be no windows. He felt along the other two sides and found them to be covered, curtained and darkened like the one described.

"Within a prison, and no way the outside," he thought, "one would scarcely think all this labor for security on the inside at all necessary. Ugh! This place is the ways of the people who have cast such an air of mystery about the station house. Not accounting for by the same rules that apply to the rest of civilization. I'll not soon be remembered by those who should be as curious as is my errand here as I am concerning their affairs.

He was about to resume his seat, when his gaze fell upon the hat and the candle and what he saw caused him to utter a startled exclamation.

The hat had apparently traveled twelve to fifteen inches further away from the candle.

"Ha!" he cried, "I guess I'm going daffy."

He clapped the hat on his head, then hung it up again on the hook.

He took two or there turns up and down the room and the exercise gave him new spirit and to a degree banished the lethargic feeling which had so long held him in partial thralldom.

"I'll keep it up," he thought. "But I'd rather be out in the hall with the other guests."

For a quarter of an hour he walked slowly up and down, passing the hat and the candle many times.

At length he paused before them and saw that the distance between them had increased still more.

Now he moved the hat from the hook and put it on his head again and went to the door and beat upon it hard and impatiently with both his hands.

There was no response.

Again he exerted some of his blows must have rung to the farthest corner of the house.

He put his ear against the door and listened. Surely the people out there must make some sounds, and if he could hear them he could get their attention somehow.

His hat was in his way and he took it off and held it in his hand.

He pressed his ear against the door and heard not the slightest sound to indicate that any living thing except himself was under the roof that shut the rain and sunshine out of Haxton House.

It seemed to him that the light was failing. He looked at the candle and saw that the wick was again burning low in the tallow.

Inquiring his hands to trim the candle, he again replaced the hat on the hook.

As he scraped away at the top of the candle with the pin which had served him so well since he had come into that place, he thought that at length he heard a slight sound in the hall.

He went to the door, and, his hand resting heavily on its immovable knob, listened intently.

If he had heard a round it was not repeated.

He was about to turn away when he thought the door knob, which he still clutched, moved slightly.

Yes!

The key creaked in the lock, there was a faint squeaking of the hinges; then the door opened a little and he leaned toward it, only to have it slammed violently in his face.

The concussion was almost stunning.

As he threw the door back again, he turned away from it and uttered a wonderings cry:

"The hat! The hat! It has disappeared!"

Phlox was speechless from consternation, but as there was no one present to contradict, have spoken that fact did not signify much.

He stood in the middle of the mysterious apartment in Haxton House and looked about him.

Yes, the hat was gone.

Taking up the candle he walked along the mantel and presently reached the hat and the hook and found them not.

Then he set the candle on the stand and as he slowly moved the room to the chair he realized that the slap in the face which Phlox had got from him had not been a light one

His nose was bleeding and he believed that it was becoming swollen. He imagined that it must present a bulbous appearance. He put up his hand in order to determine the extent of his injury only by the uncertain means of feeling.

The candle was now half consumed and its light was again eclipsed by a barrier of tallow.

"No matter," Phlox muttered. "I don't know as I need to see. I have no use for it had matches. I'd be tempted to blow the light out and save the candle. Having no matches, I'll not be tempted to do that. I could not restore it. Under present circumstances I'd be a fool to consume any of the candle by letting it splutter its life away as slowly as it will."

He sank back and rocked the back of his chair against the wall and, stretching out his legs and dropping his chin on his breast, gave himself over to sleep.

Rude was his awakening.

The chair tipped over sidewise, and he was thrown violently to the floor.

Bewildered by the fall, he glanced about him, half expectant that he should see some one who had been instrumental in bringing him to his downfall.

But there was no one in the room except himself.

PART II.

A WEIRD LITTLE OLD MAN.

Phlox set the chair on its feet again, not leaning against the wall, but close to it. Then after another unrewarded scrutiny of the room, he sank into the chair and dozed up again, after an unmeasured period of unconsciousness.

He found that the candle was burning very low and that soon he would be in darkness.

He went over to the flickering light and looked at his watch sleepily and unobservingly.

He could have sworn, he thought, that he had seen the hands upon the face of the watch move.

But the stand of the stand was changed.

Formerly close to the tapestried wall, the stand was now several from it more than a yard.

He went back to the chair, cursing under his breath the fortune that had brought him to so strange and so unpleasant an experience. He made a new and startling discovery.

"My God!" he cried, "That chair has been moved, too! And it chair has been moved, too! And it didn't move it. Yet now it is three feet from the wall!"

He looked at the chair blankly, but not sleepily, as he had just approached the stand. He was fully awake now.

He began to walk about the room and to look at objects, as if he were being brought up on uncontrollable desire to escape from that mysterious room.

"That policeman said I'd need all my nerve," he thought. "He was right. If I don't keep my nerve I'll go out there and tell those other people, I'm going to do it. Here goes for another bombardment of the door."

Almost mechanically he went to where the door had been.

It was not there!

The stand was much nearer the stand than it had been when he entered the room.

As soon as he could partially overcome the sensation caused by this discovery, he again attacked the door, employing his fists and his feet.

The door seemed like to split and its lock and latch rattled long and loudly.

No one came to liberate him.

He seized the knob and it was as impossible to turn as before he had found it even a little.

He shouted as loudly as he could and knew that his shouts were heard on the street, for soon he heard a furious and persistent ringing of the gong-like street door bell, and believed that some passerby had been alarmed.

No one opened the door into the hall and he was certain that no one opened the street door.

The bell was silent. He heard not a sound in the house.

"God!" he cried, "It's a tomb. If this is not a house of the dead, what manner of abode is it?"

He groped his way to the chair, set it again against the wall and almost fell upon it.

Minutes seemed hours, hours months. At length he slept again, slept dreamlessly, until—

He felt that he was falling.

Fresh air rushed into his aching lungs. Light—not a flickering candle, but the penetrating eyes and he realized that it was night.

He had fallen with a benumbing thump.

Now he was sitting on the ground before some of the entrances to Haxton House. Haxton House so near to these high front steps that he could have reached out and touched them rattling with his clenched fists.

The street was deserted.

He had been jarred and he felt sore and half- benumbed. He thought that perhaps he had fallen on his face, for, much as it had benumbed him since it had been bruised by the slamming door, it pained him more now.

As he began to scramble to his feet, he found that his right hip had fallen asleep and had to be rubbed to keep awake and that his left hand was bruised and bleeding.

"I'll give you a helping hand," said a voice.

He could not see the speaker, but the was evidently that of an old man and the assertion indicated that the speaker was a kind and quantity such as might have been expected from one who was either aged or an invalid.

Phlox got on his feet and faced his good Samaritan and found that the owner of man he was.

"You're lame," spoke the voice again. "I am sorry."

"Thank you," replied Phlox, and he looked out into the dark and saw that the man must have been seventy years old—a small, round-shouldered, white-haired, keen and clean, elegant appearing, old-fashione old man, who seemed to feel all the regret he had expressed. He wore a long, tight fitted skull-cap and his white hair was thick and long, while broadcloth raiment was peculiar for its newness and for its old-fashion. While Phlox was wondering why a man should have wanted to have such fine new goods fashioned in the style of the middle ages, he noted that the man had also found a cutter who could do the work, the old man spoke again.

"Yes," he said, "I fear that my house was so inhospitable to you. You are not actuated by mere whim in your desire to leave it. I had known that from the first some things would not have been as they are."

"No," Phlox answered, frankly. "I had no object in coming to this place and seeking admittance to Haxton House. I know Haxton House had nothing to do with the matter. It was brought to my attention today and if there is an interesting story connected with it, I assure you that it has not been published to the world.

"And if the two secrets should be one and the same—"

"If the two secrets are identical, I do not know it. Believe me, sir, I could not put into words the nature of the secret in order of the revelation that I was brought to believe would be made to me within the walls of Haxton House."

"And who are you?"

"Phlox is the name," the young man replied. "I will not presume on your courtesy while concealing that from you. Mr. Zane sent me."

"Ah!" Then you are not prompted by impudence."

"Far from it," declared Phlox, earnestly. "I came into the possession of this Haxton House, if indeed, it has a secret, but to listen to a revelation which I was led to believe would be made to me within its walls."

"And the secret you seek has reference to a tragedy."

The old man's sharp blue eyes looked straight into those of Phlox as he said these words, which were not a question but an assertion.

"Pardon me, sir," replied Phlox, evasively, "but I have told you my name and if you will be so courteous as to tell me, in a way, I was invited to enter and in which I have been treated with such remarkable disregard of all recognized rules of hospitality."

"My name is Florence Haxton," said the old man, slowly, "and I am the master of Haxton House."

"Then I should like to ask you," Phlox continued, coolly, "why you did not question me in the hall? Why did you not tell me who you were? And while I slept from the forenoon of one day until the night have me thrown out? Next, why do you come out here seeking information that would have been given you readily in the house long ago?"

"I cannot explain fully, but I will say that when I admitted you,—"

"But, my dear man," cried Phlox, "you did not admit me. It was a woman who admitted me, not you or any other man, but a veiled woman who wore black and was weeping."

"When I admitted you," the old man continued, "I think Phlox was not the person worthy of serious consideration. "It was my intention to admit a person to you to repair any wrong that may have been done you. You will find that I have prepared for curiosity-seekers. They come and go. You came about the tragedy of other days. I am glad that you are to remain."

"Oh, then you know Mr. Zane?"

"Then he was my friend," Haxton answered, in a far away look, "and now we are friends. A few days ago Mr. Zane pleaded to send some one here. He is stronger in some ways than I am—I am stronger in some ways than he is."

"What do you mean by then and now?" asked Phlox.

"Well, for me then ended and now began in 1876, for Mr. Zane in 1877."

Phlox was conscious of a creepy feeling and wanted to change the subject.

"But those other people whom I saw in your house? Why did none of them attend to you or to me? Why did none of them answer that clanging door bell? They could do nothing. Mr. Ha—"

"Oh! And if any of them could do so you were so weak that you could not see who was in the hall. Those doors and came near cracking bones."

"No one, Mr. Phlox. Did you not ache. Do the hurts of dreams the pains themselves?"

"Forget your aches, and they will you."

"See my face. Will my mirror forget that?" asked Phlox.

"Come back into Haxton House," answered the old man. "Come with me and you will forget. Besides, you will not be alone."

It was with an interrogation in either eye that Phlox regarded him. He was suspicious. He saw no further of hospitality.

Yet he could find in that hospitalness of his aches and pains. Let him forget them, take up the task of hastening that his mastery of the hall of mystery. He had come to solve would never be a mortal fear to stay him.

"My God!" he thought. "My nerve comes that this strange old promises me in that house of mystery the forgetfulness of pain."

The instructions of Zane repeated themselves again and again in his ears.

"I am to stay as long as it is pleasure to do so," he reasoned. "I am to do some mysterious manner forced from that house, but I have opportunity to go back and a promise knowledge I should be in no way proving myself a coward by leaving now? The policeman said I would my nerve. I will go into Haxton House again and I will take my nerve with me not timid. I am armed. Why do I hesitate?"

"You would know the secret of this edy?" asked the little old-fashioned man.

"Yes."

"You would know what and where and when and how?"

"Yes."

"You shall not only know the but you shall help to solve it. Come, scenes leading to it and in the you shall know the thoughts of all who were concerned. You shall live in all of it as You shall be Gene Phlox."

The man's proposition, no more than seemingly preposterous, Phlox.

"And who is Gene Felix?" he cried. "You will know Gene Felix. You will beat in your breast. Gene Felix will dream. You will feel the thoughts and hopes and fears, and his loving will all be yours. So will you also know Gene Felix."

He turned toward the high flight steps. He put a foot on the low held out his hand appealingly to Phlox followed, and he took it in his and searchingly into his wrinkled face, with its baffling deep blue, beseeching eyes.

"No one has ever come who refused," the old man said, slowly, and went away mad or incredible have come to know me. Come with you will understand what no has except myself has ever understood. will give my message to the world. I may go—free. Come!"

He began to ascend the steps.

Phlox limped after him slowly.

When the two stood on the fore the door, the little old man the key and thrust it into the certainty that comes only of elations of an act of that kind.

The door swung open and Phlox followed his guide into the hall.

"Sit down," said Haxton and a chair toward Phlox. "Sit down until you become somewhat the place."

He went into that side room in little while before, Phlox had questionable experience. He dragging after him with one hand

HALL'S
VEGETABLE SICILI
HAIR RENEWE
"35 and gray" gives
the look of 50 at least.
comfort from this? Why
postpone the telltale sig
years?
Hall's Hair Renewer
surely restore color to
faded or gray hair. An
stops falling of the hair.
If your druggist cannot supply
to R. P. Hall & Co. Nashua, N. H.

When Writing Mention The Chic

SOLD IN ONE DO
Tablets or Chocolate Coated Tablets. 25 cts.
Tablets, 50 cts. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.
Take no substitute. Sold by druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price.

the young man had sat and car-
the other hand Phlox sat whit
peared so mysteriously.
st hang the hat up here," he said,
it on a small hall tree. "Then I
ith you awhile until you feel quite
here."
ooked questioningly down the long

n and women, whom when he had
he first time, he had seen prome-
here, were nowhere to be seen.
ll placed his chair in such a ma-
he was directly in front of Phlox,
straight into his eyes.
e was so fixed and commanding—
ly—that the only word that oc-
—that it made Phlox feel uncom-

arm here," commented Phlox.
ou feel the need of fresh air?"
ou think about it a good deal,
o, years ago," the old man said,
ves nity; "but I have many a time
d have troubled myself about

you are healthy, are you?" asked
rily because he was ill at ease and
to find a subject.
ealthy all my life, but we all have
metime—even an old man would
after awhile. You remember how
was when I was fifty. You saw
Brand and you remember that I
ndsome he was a good deal
Asian I—heavier and taller, too."
ou look younger now. I don't re-
yes, I do.. It was a beautiful
ing, but I suffered to find a dimin-
ened both his eyes. Ha-ha-ha!
as an awful blackguard, Mr. Hax-
ou remember Hazlehurst?"
man laughed. Then he cursed.
ed Phlox saw him fad-
into nothingness.
moment Phlox had forgotten old
he had forgotten his pain, his
ent and his strange adventures;
everything except that he
Felix and that he was waiting for
ilville.
coming.
range and mysterious story will be
To a conclusion in next week's Ledg-
e cameras and free patterns are
all subscribers as announced on
nteen and fifteen.

THE NEW WOMAN.

Made Over by Quitting Coffee.

robably wrecks a greater per-
f Southerners than Northern peo-
other cause. If more freely.
rk it does is distressing enough in
nces; as an illustration, Miss Sue
ll, N.H., N. 4th St., Richmond, Va.
I was a coffee drinker for years
out six years my health was com-
attered. I suffered fearfully with
and nervousness, also palpitation
rt and loss of appetite.
t gradually began to fail and
t the sight of one cup altogether
as operated upon and the slight
stored, then I became totally
he other eye.
I used to urge me to give up
to use my will and continued to
ll finally in a last case of severe
doctor insisted that I must give
, so I began using the Postum
, and in a month I felt like a
ve.
ly gained in health and strength.
ve children began using Grape-
eakfast Food and the effect has
nderful. I really feel like a new
ve gained about 25 pounds,
uite an elderly lady and before us-
could not walk across the
square without exceeding fatigue,
walk ten or twelve without feeling
ery ill at times, but I seem
but now my memory holds fast
s.
friends who have seen the re-
effects of Postum and Grape-
now urge that I give the
he public for the sake of suffering
, as strongly as I desire publicity,
ublish this letter and my name if

hiskers on Washington.

Clayton, proprietor of the Lady
Philadelphia Evening Telegraph,
ull marble statue of General Wash-
ull length, which house the
constant shaving to keep it from
ing moustache. Periodically
of mom makes its appear-
the upper lip, chin and cheeks of
figure, and the latter untouched for
h of time it develops into a close-
beard and moustache, giving to the
the Father of His Country an en-
handified appearance. If the mom
ferred with it will grow to a point
ig the approved cut that barbers
the beards of men of fashion.
w months the action of the weath-
the face of the marble statue to
ated with the velvety moss, and a
n order. The freak whiskers have
statue quite a curiosity in the

STOPS THE COUGH
AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.
Bromo Quinine Tablets must & sold in one day.
No Pay. Price 25 cents.

A Born Lady.

—Do you see that lady over there?
a lady if there ever was a lady
ld?
ld what has she done to secure
ring regard?
stepped on her gown coming
s. It was trailing behind her in
ing way that women have; but,
I did the gentlemanly act and
for my carelessness.
she?
—She said to me: "Young man,
you are lying. It was no fault of
s mine, entirely, and if you had
own out at the gathers it would
d me right."

ELSIE'S SECRET.

BY RUTH RANSOM.

It was on my fiftieth birthday that my lawyer finally announced the successful termination of a lawsuit which for years had worried me. On old woman that I was, I cried it to break my heart. It seemed so hard that this good fortune should not have come to me years and years ago when I might have profited by it, and only I, a lone woman, was left to enjoy it.

Though a great deal of money had been eaten up in lawyers' fees and "costs" (I learned in my misery what these were), there was still enough left to make me quite rich.

I could sit down at my case, after those years of toil and anxiety, and privation, with plenty at my disposal, and not one friend to share it with me.

I had grown so hard and bitter that I had alienated all who might have cared for me. I had no time or thoughts to give to friends or lovers, and they might have won them. Now it was too late—for love, at least; and already the money had such an awful effect on me that I doubt if those who approached me with professions of friendship.

Part of my possessions was a pretty cottage in the suburbs. Here I moved, with but one servant, and lived as I had for many years been my only companion.

I did not, however, remain after all. It was pleasant when I was settled in my new home, with its bright, prettily-furnished rooms, its garden, its servant (I had moved in the time of roses), and such a delightful glimpse through the trees of the blue, sparkling river, winding its way to the sea.

Perhaps I took cold in moving. At all events, my old enemy, the rheumatism, began to give me sharp twinges, and at last my arms were quite useless.

Then I did what I had been thinking of doing for some time—I advertised for a maid, and took the first applicant, for her face suited me, and I could trust my judgment that way.

I liked pretty things around me; and this was such a pretty, dainty little maid. She was little, but so perfectly formed that one thought her just the right size. She had dark eyes, nearly black, and dark, wavy hair, and a wound around her well-shaped head; large, dark, lustrous looking eyes. I cannot describe them by any other word—as if she had borne some great trouble unmurmured-for-ly; a sweet, patient look that one conquered my heart at once, as her face had done my eyes.

She gave me a reference from a well-known minister, who said she was an orphan, and that she had brought up entirely by crying when she had finished.

"Elsie, dear," I said, as I drew her to me as well as my poor lame arms could, "it, too, have suffered by law, but not so grievously as you. You are orphan and no other. I only asked for a maid, but I think you will prove a friend."

And she did. I cannot begin to tell you what a treasure she was, doing everything so quietly that I found myself quite anticipated before I was conscious of them; and with every morning I found her sweet, tender dressed my hair—and, really, she brightened up my plain old face wonderfully, for I could see in my glass the difference from her own sweet face in the mirror, reflected in my own. Sometimes, when she sang an evening hymn to me, she was my helpful little attendant always.

She was very religious, and she sang quaint, old-fashioned songs, such as I had sung and played in my girlhood, and when I asked her where she learned them, she would say, with a little sigh, she remembered her mother.

She had one rare gift—she was an excellent listener, and would for hours while I pressed away, never speaking; if I wanted advice, she gave it so modestly, yet so intelligently that I found myself following it. She kept my accounts, too, so neatly and accurately that I was surprised.

"Papa taught me; I used to help him," she said, with a little quiver in her voice. Then she added, if his name was always brought.

I had never asked her much about her father, for that reason. I knew she had loved him devotedly, but I was firmly persuaded that he was dead, for he had been a hard, obstinate, litigious man, who had tormented me and his daughter by perpetually going to law, and who died in the meeting, as the case might be.

Then one day I were sitting in my pleasant parlor. She had been reading to me, but had ceased, and we were talking of the book over, when, without understanding it better that way, when my lawyer was announced.

He had been away for his summer holiday, so I had not seen him since my little maid (this was only a month ago now, for she had become like a child to me) came. I was glad to see him, and told him so, and then turned to introduce Elsie.

But the pale she was. But she rose and bowed; then suddenly her fingers clutched her throat in a strange way, as if she was choking and—fell back in a dead faint.

I was too frightened to move, but my lawyer lifted her up tenderly and laid her on the lounge, then sprinkled with water the pretty face of my dear, till she opened her eyes and cried feebly to sit up. I was close beside her.

"Why, Elsie, little Elsie. What ails my pet?" I said, and I kissed the lips that were so white and trembling.

"Send him away, oh, please!" she cried, hiding her face on my shoulder, and moving almost shudderingly, toward my lawyer. "Do send him away and I will tell you all."

I thought she did not want any eyes but mine to see her tears and I turned; but he was already gone. Then I said:

"Look up and tell me what troubles you, dear Elsie."

But she slipped down on the carpet at my feet, and, hiding her face in my lap, she bitterly sobbed:

"Elsie," I said, quite sternly, for I was frightened at my agitation, "I shall be angry with you if you do not speak."

Then she looked up at me so piteously, and said, very humbly, "I must tell it in my own way, for I cannot give her pitiful words to the world—they were only for me.

After that I was nothing so dreadful. Foolish woman that I was, I had feared I know not what, when my little maid knelt so imploringly before me.

Briefly it was this:

Her name was Elsie Carroll Grey, and her father had been the contestant in my lawsuit—my bitter, relentless foe, who had been for years living on what should have been my money, knowing it to be rightfully mine, but I was living in poverty.

The house in which I lived had once been her home, and when, after my advertisement for a maid, she determined to have the position if possible; that she might be near them in the home she loved so dearly. She had only given me a part of her history, as I would not take her if I knew who she was.

At first she had almost hated me, as the child of her father's enemy, and a woman, but now, my little maid said, she loved me so, so I would have her learn to leave me.

But the gentleman I. Her remembrance of him was too bitter. Her father had left as a legacy to her and her brother Arthur Dunbar (whom he regarded as the active agent of his ruin), and had bade her curse the lawyer and the child of her father's death whenever and wherever she saw him. It was his dying command, and I understood readily and the remembrance of this, that startled her so.

That night my mind was in as my little maid ceased speaking. My first feeling was that she had cruelly deceived me, but not loved and trusted me enough to tell her sad secret before.

I remembered now how familiar she had seemed from the first with the house, going about it quietly, and with various things so tenderly, as if they were old friends, and she was caressing them.

I did not blame her. And I must confess I had a feeling of pride that my opinion of her character had been strongly confirmed. But I did not tell her that; she should remember him as lovingly as ever.

So I kissed her and left her until she grew calm again, and I think she knew that I loved her as deeply, more than ever. Poor Grey, the daughter of my enemy, than as Elsie Carroll, my little maid.

When I went quite to her, I showed her how her father should have left the curse for me, that I might see my lawyer. But since she had forgiven me ("as if I had anything to forgive," exclaimed my little maid, looking at me with her bright eyes and saying so brightly through her tears that I almost forgot my wounded vanity somewhere), she must be friends; for my sake, with one who was my friend; for, next to Elsie, I loved my lawyer.

He was young—only twenty-eight—and life was already full of the success he must have been kind; for already he was well advanced in his profession. He was noble and truthful, and so bright and debonair that it was like a ray of sunshine, or a breath of fresh, reviving air, when he came into one's presence.

I knew he and Elsie would like each other and I left them to have their talk with me on the following Sunday.

My little maid looked so lovely as she did that day. She had left off her black dress at my request, and wore one of soft, fleecy white, with a ribbon at her throat.

She did not need any other adornment, and as I kissed her, I thought if it had pleased God to make me a happy wife and mother, I could have wished my child to be like Elsie.

Of course, I told Arthur Dunbar her story as soon as he came; and it was beautiful to see the way in which he greeted her—as tenderly and respectfully, with a look in his honest brown eyes that plainly asked her to forget and forgive all his share in her trials.

My pet blushed like a sweet wild rose, and laid her hand in his with a confiding way that I knew it was all right with them.

Well, what need to make a long story of what must be so plain to all? Of course, they loved each other, though I knew it before they did. But I did not say a word to startle the shy hearts, for it was very sweet to watch them, with their pure love growing stronger each day, till at last the time came when the hearts were revealed to each other.

I was a very happy woman when they came to me one day, my blooming lawyer saying they could not be quite happy unless they had my love and approval. Need I say that they had it with all my heart?

Next summer, when the roses bloom again they will be married. I have made them promise to share my home with me. It is a very pretty one, and see little trotting about the house, and learning so many things she will need to know when she becomes our lawyer housekeeper, looking so wise with it all, and with a happy light in her soft, dark eyes that has driven out the sorrowful look I once saw there—a light that deepens when it meets Arthur's fervently loving glance.

I know they both love me—happy woman that I am—for myself, for my money. But all that is to be theirs some day, though that is a secret I keep to myself, for I will not even seem to offer a bribe for the love that is so precious to me.

A Rag-Time Comment.

"The refrain," we said to our neighbor at the vaudeville performance, while the popular ballad was being rendered, "is prettier than the verses."

"Yes," he agreed. "I like the refrain re-frain altogether."

I Will Cure You of
Rheumatism.
No Pay Until You Know It.
After 2,500 experiments, I have learned how to cure Rheumatism. Not to turn bony joints into flesh again; that is impossible. But I cure the disease always, at any stage, and forever.
I want money. Simply write me a postal and I will send you an order on your nearest druggist for six bottles of Dr. Shoop's Rheumatic Cure, for every druggist keeps it. Use it for a month, and if it does what I claim pay your druggist $5.50 for it. If it doesn't I will pay him myself.
I have no samples. Any medicine that can affect rheumatism with but a few doses must be drugged to the verge of danger. I use no drugs. It is folly to take them. You must get the disease out of the blood.
My remedy does that, even in the most difficult, obstinate cases. No matter how impossible this seems to you, I know it and I take the risk. I have cured tens of thousands of cases in this way, and my records show that 28 out of 40 who get those six bottles pay, and pay gladly. I have learned that people in general are honest with a physician who cures them. That is all I ask. If I fail I don't expect a penny from you.
Simply write me a postal card or letter. Let me send you an order for the medicine. Take it for a month, for it won't harm you whether it cures, pay $5.50. Then tell me entirely to you. I will mail you a book that tells how I do it. Address Dr. Shoop, Box 502, Racine, Wis.
Mild cases of rheumatic are often cured by one or two bottles. At all druggists.

Belle—You look worried, dear. Do something to occupy your mind. Why not read a little fiction?
Violet—No, dear. I get a letter from my husband every day.

Governing New Guinea.

New Guinea will be the first territory of the Australian Commonwealth, and as such entirely subject to the control of the federal parliament. Its residents will be entitled to no share either of the privileges or obligations of the Australians except such as may be granted to or imposed on them. His tariff, its taxation and its laws will be left to the discretion of the federal legislature, in which it will have no representation until it is specially conferred. The country is in the happy position of having no debt, no gold and in pearl shell fisheries. The prejudice against chartered companies is strong on the mainland, so that the speedy means of development which they afford will only be employed under strict conditions. There are some 350,000 Papuans to be reckoned with, but only a few Europeans. The experiment of governing it will be difficult, as well as costly, because it will involve problems which the democracy can but imperfectly comprehend.

"Is you," brother following the races?" "Oh, yes; he's still behind."

THE SECOND DELUGE:

Or,

A Story of Heaven and Earth.

By AUSTYN GRANVILLE,

Author of "A Fallen Race," Etc.

(Copyright by W. D. Boyce Co.)

Begun in No. H, November 13. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from newsdealers or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XV.—Continued.

What's the matter with poor Jhung Moolan?" he asked, presently, his curiosity getting the better of him. He had no particular interest done that it should be neglected? Are you worrying? Is the poor fellow ill, or what?"

Chalmers turned his face toward him and replied: "It isn't from Jhung Moolan."

"Not from Jhung Moolan? Then who on earth is from, worrying you?"

"It is from the Rajah of Raipor."

"Why don't you open it?"

"I can't open it," he said slowly, "because I haven't got the courage."

Jernigham was only man on earth besides his friend who knew what might be contained in the letter. He knew that it was the latter which Holkar Runjeet had promised to write, under other one of two conditions. He knew that it would be the duty of Chalmers to make the woman for whom he still entertained a undying and an unchanging love his wife, or that this little piece of paper, armed with foreign travel and much bedding, as it swung from post to post in the accident, was to carry the worst possible news that could be brought to Chalmers. For this reason, on which Chalmers had so set his heart as ultimately to be consummated, was utterly impossible.

"I cannot open it," repeated Chalmers, in a tone of such hopelessness that it wrung the heart of his friend to hear the sound.

Jernigham picked up the letter, "May I open it for you?" he asked.

"Yes," gasped Chalmers. "Yes, open it, for heaven's sake. I can no longer bear the suspense. Is it killing me."

Jernigham tore off the end of the envelope, drew out the letter, and stood in breathless silence, which was broken only by the slow and regular ticking of a clock which was in the apartment, read as follows:

"Calcutta, April 9, 1902.—George Chalmers, Esq., Assistant Observer, Mount Block Observatory, Alameda County, California, U. S. A.—My Very Dear Friend: I have hitherto refrained from communicating with you regarding what I know to be the object which is dearest to your heart, for the reason that I neither wished to raise in your breast hopes which could not be fulfilled, or to appear too eager to cement an alliance between our two houses, which by both of us must ardently be constitute, if consummated, a union which is almost without precedent in the annals of the great house of this country, and entirely so in connection with the ancient one of Raipor. "Two reasons there are, however, to address you, with a view of discovering whether your mind is set in the same direction in this regard. You are without a rival in the affections of my dear child, now no longer a child, but grown to a perfect womanhood; the cultivation of whom in all the graces that should adorn her station and render her one of the brightest ornaments of our circle here, has ever been my fondest endeavor. In addition, I am now free to offer you an alliance with a house, which, notwithstanding its attitude of hostility toward you as you would call it, bears an unrutabled reputation for loyalty to the Government of Great Britain, and the head of which has himself escaped from the imputation of disloyalty and also the charge of proving traitor to his trust. All this was rendered possible by the fact that the present Rajah is the samandaa-pardeh of the great tube.

"I think I will have a look at Jupiter," he said to himself. "This is a lucky night with me. Who knows but I might find out something wonderful about the new planetoid."

He touched a little lever and set the intricate machinery of the great tube in motion. It moved slowly, beautifully and with the accuracy of a perfectly-constructed piece of mechanism. Jernigham, as he manipulated the levers by his practical, guiding hand, felt a few moments of exhilaration as he came within the field of the instrument, and as the glories of that remotely distant planet, for centuries the subject of fable and fancy and speculation of primitive man, fell upon the marvelous lenses, and the eye at the eye-piece and was brought to a focus under the very eye of the observer. Chalmers, accustomed as he was to the nightly contemplation of the wonders of the heavens, could not repress a murmur of admiration. Long and steadily gazed upon that majestic object, glowing, coruscating, unspeakably grand, as it slowly and lively-beautiful world performing its allotted functions in the awful regions of the upper air. At last his worried spells dropped, and wrapped in the profound awe that almost invariably followed his contemplation of these sublime objects; a nightly familiarity with which had rather tended to increase than to diminish, the man remained with his face buried in his hands, while from the depths of his overflowing heart there involuntarily arose a prayer of gratitude to his Creator, who had so wonderfully made the fair world a still fairer one for him.

His eyes were swimming with unbidden tears as he leaped from the couch. Then he lost his head and became for the next few minutes almost a madman. He rushed at Jernigham, seized him by the shoulders, whirled him around and patted him on the back, as if that silent scholar, with the calm, cold blood in his veins as he smilingly noted his friend's outburst of extreme delight, had just done to him the most wonderful letter and he had never been penned by Holkar Runjeet thousands of miles away in the orient.

Gradually, however, he became quieter, and sat down. Then he took up the letter and read it carefully, his countenance falling as confidence to the high-sounding sentences of the Rajah and laughing almost childishly at the queer mingling of social and business matter at the end of the letter.

"It is simply awful," he exclaimed. "Now I have made negotiation enough for honored alliance, which is impossible to you, dear friend, as it leaves me at present, should like to hear from you at your early convenience and oblige. HOLKAR RUNJEET."

During all time Jernigham had been engaged in reading this extraordinary epistle. Chalmers had been listening with a strained attention which was almost painful in its intensity. At its conclusion, as if doubting the evidence of his own ears, he remained in the same attitude, apparently unable to move, to either one single phrase in which to express his joy.

How wonderful" He had her at last. Rani was to be his wife! The woman for whom he had waited patiently for years was to be his. And she was willing to become his bride. She had kept herself all these years for him.

With paternal plentitude, such untold happiness.

There is a delicate mechanism in use in all well-equipped observatories, which, operating upon the carrier of the telescope, moves it slowly in any desired direction. By this means the astronomer can allow for the movement of the earth and keep the object of his investigation within the field of his glass during extreme observations.

Chalmers had only intended, however, to take a mere cursory view of the great planet which he had brought within the range of his lenses, and he had not set this in motion.

The great telescope remained as immovable as a part of the earth itself, and the earth moved slowly on.

Chalmers took a turn or two on the platform of the instrument, seated himself once more in the observer's chair, and once again cast his glance upon the heavens.

The field of the enormous crystal was no longer occupied by the planet Jupiter.

He turned to set the governing machinery, but suddenly paused, and stood for an instant gazing out upon the deep and azure vault of the sky. Gradually the phenomena of the faint gleams of some tiny star, caught within the scope of the instrument, shot quickly earthwards.

Something annoyed him, and he looked at the float upon the enormous mercury weighing fifty thousand pounds, and slowly moving up and down at the will of the astronomer through a space of sixteen feet, was slowly descending.

The water power which raised the floor or lowered it at the will of the operator was within his control, but the mercury float, by electric keys, which, acting on a secondary piece of mechanism, in turn worked the valves and governed the flow of the water power. Other water engines, similarly connected with the mercury float, worked the great dome, and performed those quick motions in ascension and declination so essential in critical moments, when the magnified image in the great glass was as easily worked by the finger of a child as the movements of the hour-hand somesome and old-fashioned instrument would have been by a dozen men.

Rejoicing like a titan in his strength, the astronomer sat, now rising, now falling to such extent as to have completed a dozen tremendous eras of the sky with his enormous object-glass, the largest in the world, and yet measuring less than thirty-six inches in diameter.

Suddenly and without a moment's warning, and when Chalmers was least of all expecting it, there appeared in the field of the great glass a faintly luminous object, which grew more brilliant and brilliant yet, as for a few minutes it remained within the compass of his lenses.

Chalmers came short and quick, and his heart beat painfully. Involuntarily, with the instinct of a trained astronomer, he took out his watch and noted down with a nicety upon the path of the aerial stranger, and for the next few minutes remained spellbound in the contemplation of the extraordinary object, which, growing clearer and clearer with every passing moment, at last outlined itself, a marvelous, living streak of fire, dashing through space with inconceivable velocity.

The first thought that flashed through his brain was: "Am I the first human to make this discovery?" And the idea set him nearly wild with joy. Pausing for a moment, he held out his hand to seize it. The applause of mankind, upon which he had hitherto set his heart, was now for

The Second Deluge.

(Continued.)

wholly underrated.

For the object within the field of his telescope was that for which astronomers the world over had searched in vain since its last appearance in the year 1852.

Notwithstanding that the two enormous nuclei into which it had separated in 1846 were almost united into one gigantic ball of flame, heated to a degree inconceivable by man and rushing downwards with appalling rapidity, an ominous monster of the upper sky, Jerningham knew that he gazed upon the lost comet of Belia.

And he called to mind the prophecy of Jhung Mooltan, which he had so often derided. Often had he heard Chalmers repeat it —Chalmers, upon whose mind that startling sentence of the world's doom, uttered in the far-away gardens of Calcutta, seemed to have so engraven itself that the Englishman had frequently recalled it word for word:

"Pursuing its present orbit, it will encounter the planet Jupiter. Deflected by that mighty mass, it will rush downwards toward the earth. I have calculated at just what time it must reach this planet. It has an enormous orbit to conclude, and it will come within the attraction of Jupiter, according to my figures, in about twenty-three years from now. It will then be headed for our world, which it will strike exactly on the sixteenth day of August, 1904."

As he repeated this remarkable prophecy aloud, Jerningham turned and faced his friend. His countenance was as pale as Carrara marble, and the hand that Jerningham took within his own shook and trembled.

"I know what has happened," he said, without your saying a word. You have found it. The prophecy of Jhung Mooltan is to come true."

Jerningham raised his head slowly. "I wronged him. He is a great man. What he has said he has said."

The two men stood facing each other in the growing light, their hearts o'erburdened with the weight of this awful secret, known only to themselves and one little wizard of the far East, and the minutes passed and they still stood there, overcome, stunned, as it were, with the prodigious thing that had befallen them, while the sun, rising above the distant range, tinged the whole western world with [illegible] mellow light.

"[illegible] he birth of the day," exclaimed Chal[illegible] at last. "How many more shall you and [illegible] and the millions who inhabit this earth [illegible]?"

CHAPTER XVI.

It was evident to the two Californian astronomers that Jhung Mooltan, whom they had hitherto regarded as a mountebank and a juggler, had long been able to behold, at certain phases of its enormous orbit, that gigantic comet which now, undoubtedly, threatened the destruction of the earth, and had, moreover, been able to accurately prophecy exactly at what time it would be visible to the observers whose instruments, though constructed on what was generally believed to be far superior scientific principles, yet fell so far short of the marvelous powers of his own, con[illegible]ted on some fashion known only to the [illegible]ncient astronomers, those wonderful people whose astronomical calculations form the real foundation of all the accurate knowledge of the present day.

Having once ascertained its right ascension and declination, it was an easy matter for Jerningham and Chalmers to mark from time to time, the course of the flaming monster on its journey through the sky, and it was a [illegible] easier matter, when these observations had been pursued for some ten days, to divine that the calculations of Jhung Molton were absolutely correct. Traveling at its present rate of speed, the comet would strike the earth nearly full in the center, though a little north of the equator, and that blow, which was to annihilate a world, would be delivered just as the wizard had declared, on the 16th day of August.

The morning after the discovery of the comet Jerningham had duly proclaimed to the scientific world that there had once more returned within the ken of the great telescope the lost comet of Belia, and as the two astronomers were thoroughly agreed that Jhung Mooltan was in fact, the first to make this discovery, they took care that that personage had full credit for what he had accomplished.

Jhung Moolton, in consequence, found himself, twenty-four hours later, overwhelmed with congratulations in the form of letters and telegrams, some of the latter not being prepaid, for there are cranks in India as well as Europe and America, and good men suffer at their hands the same as we do. Holkar Runjeet, however, paid these charges cheerfully. The unpromising protege of his early years had turned out to be worthy of his benevolence, at the last.

Holkar Runjeet, however, met all Jhung Mooltan's suggestions that he had better prepare himself to enter another state of existence, with the same good natured smile with which he had greeted his numerous prophecies during some years past. And he went on collecting his rents in Raipor and hatching up a new conspiracy against the British crown all the same.

If Holkar Runjeet could not have had an opportunity to hatch a conspiracy he would have been supremely miserable.

Meantime Professor Jerningham had announced, in set, scientific phrases, that his calculation led him to believe that the lost comet of Belia would strike the earth on or about the 16th of the coming August.

The comet had come within the reach of the principal telescopes of the world, and every observer was ready to confirm his opinion that it was the comet of Belia, which had disappeared so mysteriously in the year 1852, and had never been seen since.

And these astronomers felt it their duty to inform the world that this comet was now heading straight for the earth.

But while this announcement produced a great stir in scientific circles, the outside world took no heed of it. They had been threatened, only a few years before, by total annihilation from this same comet, and the prediction had failed.

It was the old cry of "wolf," and the public steadfastly refused to show the slightest symptoms of alarm.

But when two weeks later, an extraordinary object appeared in the sky, and grew with each succeeding night fiercer and more forbidding in its aspect, men commenced to grow uneasy. It began to dawn upon the public mind that there might possibly be something in these warnings.

Then the people got tired of this great meteor hanging in the sky, and forgot to look on it every night before retiring. And there were social engagements to be attended to, and they very soon took up with a popular song "We'll never get hit, we'll never get hit," which was going the round of the streets and being whistled and sung on the boulevards.

Indeed it was not until the twenty-fifth of July that the public fear of the great, fiery monster which hung overhead and was now plainly visible to the naked eye, arrived at its fullest intensity. The most indifferent observer could plainly perceive that it was approaching the earth with startling rapidity. All night long it hung overhead like a great glowing ball of flame, and its immense tail, hidden only by the glow from the fiery nucleus could be seen waving to and fro as the giant messenger of destruction swept remorselessly onward.

In America and England prayers were offered up in the churches. In India the Parsees threw themselves prostrate before the advancing terror, and besought its clemency.

In the cities, men, women and children swarmed in the squares, on the bridges and in the open places, looked upward at the advancing monster, and shuddered and wept.

A hundred fanatical sects sprang up all over the world, and in every country proclaimed that the day of judgment was near at hand.

A terrible gloom hung over everybody and everything. Gaiety had vanished with her sister Joy; there was no marriage or giving in marriage. Thieves stole with impunity, and murderers went unhung. The courts of justice had adjourned indefinitely. It seemed impious for man to sit upon his fellow creatures, when the judgment of God was so close at hand. The legislatures of the world had adjourned and man ceased to make laws for the government of his fellows. There was no starvation, for man gave freely of what he might have to surrender at any moment. Love was the only thing that survived. The rest was dead-sea fruit and bitter ashes to the taste of all mortals.

This was the terrible condition of things, when an announcement, signed by the astronomers of all the great observatories of the world, was flashed over the wires, and was scattered in millions of copies in the different languages of the world to expectant myriads of the human race!

"The undersigned, observers at the observatories of Paris, Melbourne, Kew, London, Rome, St. Petersburg, Washington, Lake Geneva, Cape of Good Hope, Konigsberg, Bonn, Oxford, Berlin, Vienna and Palermo, announce that the comet known as the Comet of Belia, will form a conjunction with this earth on the sixteenth day of August next. It is not believed that the whole world will be annihilated by this catastrophe, as many foolish persons believe, but that only a part of this planet will be effected. Owing to the nebulous character of the comet, no severe physical shock can possibly be experienced. The greatest danger is from fire, and the mephitic gases which a comet of this character is apt to exude. As it is believed, from our calculations, that the comet will unite with the earth in the neighborhood of Chicago, or in or about that portion of the state of Illinois, all persons are warned that their safety is best conserved by leaving that part of the globe at the earliest possible moment."

This important and convincing document was signed by some of the greatest astronomers in the world, who had spent many days in determining the course and time of the comet. After due consideration they sent out a second announcement, as a kind of postscript:

"It is not at all unlikely that the comet, which is now proved beyond the shadow of a doubt to be Belia's, may strike directly into one of the great lakes. People are warned to keep as far away from the lake region as possible, as if this should happen a terrible explosion of steam would ensue, and it is not unlikely indeed that the whole North American continent might be annihilated."

This extraordinary story will be continued in next week's Ledger. It develops some of the most startling and remarkable situations ever conceived as the story progresses. All subscribers are offered free cameras and patterns as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

"May I open it for you?"

The Founding of New Orleans.

Jean Baptiste Le Moyne, Sieur de Bienville, one of the first Europeans to explore the Mississippi, was the founder of New Orleans, and his exploit is described in the article on Louisiana in the "Story of the States" series in the February Pearson's. Even before he became aware of the designs of the English on the territory which he was exploring, Bienville had selected a site for the city which his imagination had portayed to the English intruder. On the crescent of land a hundred miles above the mouth of the river, between it and the broad lake called Pontchartrain, so named in honor of one of the Louis XIV.'s ministers, which is really an arm of the Gulf, he foresaw, a city which was to be made great by the greatness of the river. He was anxious to follow up the first advantage that his shrewdness had gained by planting a settlement on this favorable site as soon as possible. He visited the spot often in the years that followed, carefully estimated its advantages, and reported them to his superiors.

The French government considered that it had affairs more weighty than the establishment of new towns in the western wilds calling for its attention in Europe at that moment. It was not until the control of the region had been turned over to the Mississippi company that Bienville was enabled to carry out his cherished plan. Then in 1718 he was appointed governor of Louisiana, and was commissioned to lay out a town. A shipload of colonists and supplies were sent out to establish the new settlement. Bienville hastened to his favored site on the Mississippi and laid the foundations of the future city, which he named in honor of the Regent of France, New Orleans.

A Bi-Sexual Pronoun.

A correspondent comes forward to fill a few of the gaps in the English language. He notes the awkwardness caused by the lack of a bi-sexual pronoun to cover "him" and "her" and the rest. Well, the word "Eurasian"—made up of Europe and Asia —gives the clew. Why not commingle 'he" and "she," and make heesh? And "himmer" is the obvious resultant of "him" and "her," while "his" and "her" precipitate into "hizzer." What do you think of the sentence, which illustrates the new English? "A writer is annoyed when heesh finds hizzer work treated as public property, rather than hizzers, and, instead of being credited to himmer is pirated by papers by which heesh is not remunerated."—London Chronicle.

EIGHT DOLLARS AND NINETY-FIVE CENTS Buys the celebrated, high grade, new 1902 Model EDGEMERE BICYCLE, 28-inch wheel, any height frame, high grade equipment, including high grade guaranteed pneumatic tires, adjustable handle bars, fine leather covered grips, padded saddle, fine ball bearing pedals, nickel trimmings, beautifully finished throughout, any color enamel. Strongest Guarantee.
$10.95 for the celebrated 1902 Kenwood Bicycle.
$12.75 for the celebrated 1902 Elgin King or Elgin Queen Bicycle.
$15.75 for the highest grade 1902 bicycle made our three crown nickel joint, Napoleon or Josephine, complete with the very finest equipment, including Morgan & Wright highest grade pneumatic tires, a regular $50.00 bicycle.
10 DAYS FREE TRIAL on any bicycle ordered. For the most wonderful bicycle offer ever heard of, write for our free 1902 Bicycle Catalogue.
Address, SEARS, ROEBUCK & CO., CHICAGO.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CARD PLAYERS I have what you want. Catalogue FREE. Jno. L. Hollis, Swanton, Ohio
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

50 ENVELOPES with name and address printed on corner 20 cents. ACME PRINTING CO., Caxton Building, BUFFALO, N. Y.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FINE GOLD RINGS or Stick Pins, initial or stone set, 12 cts each, postpaid. DALTON CO., 960 Polk St., Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

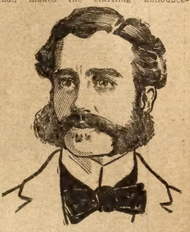
Sick Made Well Weak Made Strong.

Marvelous Elixir of Life Discovered by Famous Doctor-Scientist That Cures Every Known Ailment.

Wonderful Cures Are Effected That Seem Like Miracles Performed — The Secret of Long Life of Olden Times Revived.

The Remedy Is Free to All Who Send Name and Address.

After years of patient study, and delving into the dusty record of the past, as well as following modern experiments in the realms of medical science, Dr. James W. Kidd, 128 Baltes Building, Fort Wayne, Ind., makes the startling announce-



DR. JAMES WILLIAM KIDD.

ment that he has surely discovered the elixir of life. That he is able with the aid of a mysterious compound, known only to himself, produced as a result of the years he has spent in searching for this precious life-giving boon, to cure any and every disease that is known to the human body. There is no doubt of the doctor's earnestness in making his claim and the remarkable cures that he is daily effecting seem to bear him out very strongly. His theory which he advances is one of reason and based on sound experience in a medical practice of many years. It costs nothing to try his remarkable "Elixir of Life," as he calls it, for he sends it free, to anyone who is a sufferer, in sufficient quantities to convince of its ability to cure, so there is absolutely no risk to run. Some of the cures cited are very remarkable, and but for reliable witnesses would hardly be credited. The lame have thrown away crutches and walked about after two or three trials of the remedy. The sick, given up by home doctors, have been restored to their families and friends in perfect health. Rheumatism, neuralgia, stomach, heart liver, kidney, blood and skin diseases and bladder troubles disappear as by magic. Headaches, backaches, nervousness, fevers, consumption, coughs, colds, asthma, catarrh, bronchitis and all affections of the throat, lungs or any vital organs are easily overcome in a space of time that is simply marvelous. It purifies the entire system, blood and tissue, restores normal nerve power, circulation and a state of perfect health is produced at once. To the doctor all systems are alike and equally affected by this great "Elixir of Life." Send for the remedy today. It is free to every sufferer. State what you want to be cured of and the sure remedy for it will be sent you free, by return mail.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
29 YEARS OLD.
Published Every Saturday
—BY—
W. D. BOYCE CO.,
All communications should be addressed to
THE CHICAGO LEDGER,
112, 114 DEARBORN ST.,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.00 a year, 50 cents for six months, in advance. If not paid in advance, $1.50 a year, $1.00 for six months. Enrollments should be made on blank Draft, Registered Letter, Post Office or Express Money Order. Postage stamps for Chicago Ledger or Chicago Blade will be added to all foreign yearly subscriptions to pay postage.

Entered at the post office at Chicago, Illinois, as second-class matter.

THE CHICAGO LEDGER
AND
SATURDAY BLADE

ADVERTISING.

Advertising rate $2.80 per Agate line per insertion, for advertisements in The Chicago Ledger and Saturday Blade combined.

500,000
COPIES WEEKLY
PROVED CIRCULATION.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger can be had by addressing this office. Always give the numbers desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address, and your order will receive prompt attention. Price 5 cents per copy.

BEWARE OF STRANGERS.

The Ledger employs no traveling agents to solicit subscriptions, and every person working in that capacity is a fraud. No person is authorized to take an inscription for the Ledger unless he or she be well known in the city or village where they have been appointed agents to sell the paper every week. A liberal reward will be paid for evidence that will enable us to arrest and convict such persons as are now crowding from town to town in different sections of this country, claiming to be agents of the Ledger and thereby defrauding the people. Beware of strangers.

There is more than one way to shuffle off this mortal coil. That's why doctors often disagree.

Adversity may prepare a man for the life beyond, but it curtails his credit while here on earth.

It is announced that the new president of the National Congress of Mothers has children of her own. It is safe to say, therefore, that she has neighbors who don't believe she knows the least thing about the business.

The Wizard of the Waves:
Or,
The Black Flag Privateer.

By COLONEL PRENTISS INGRAHAM.

Begun in No. 10, March 8. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.
THE MASK BALL.

It was the season of carnival in the sunny city of New Orleans, and the many French inhabitants of that southern metropolis would not permit it to go by without great rejoicings, and hence, as there were a number of officers and volunteers congregating there from the other states, at the period of which I write, the citizens were determined to make the carnival as gay as it was in their power to have it.

A grand ball, en masque, had the greatest feature of the carnival, and thither, on the evening set apart for the festive gathering, were rushing the very elite of the country and city, including officers high in rank in both the army and navy of the United States, and many foreign notables that were present.

To get a ticket of admission to the ball, was most difficult indeed, for only those known to possess certain aristocratic claims, or dignities as officers of the government, were admitted, for the society of the Crescent city was then, as now, extremely select.

Among the guests invited on account of their position and rank, were Captain Ramelle and Lieutenant Woodbridge, while, of course, Ruby was not ignored, and she prepared herself accordingly, intending to wear a costume suitable to her debut in a society wholly unknown to her.

Upon her return in the brigantine, from their unsuccessful pursuit of the buccaneer, Ruby had been invited by her aunt, the sister of Captain Ramelle, to spend the time she was in port, at her elegant home on the shores of Lake Pontchartrain, a few miles from the city of New Orleans, and having accepted the invitation her father had escorted her thither, after which he had returned to overlook the repairs of the brigantine.

Ruby had found her aunt, Mrs. Orville, living in voluptuous ease by the shores of the pontchartrain, her home the resort of the elite of the city, and as she had a cousin, Clarice Orville, about her own age, she was delighted with the change from the cabin of the Sealinel to her luxurious apartments at Lake Retreat, as Colonel Orville, an officer of the United States army, had named his plantation residence.

It was the third day of her stay at Lakeside Retreat, and a week after the capture of the Spanish schooner, that was strolling in the elegant grounds of the villa, awaiting the coming of Clarice, who was busy with an hour's music lesson, when she was startled by seeing approach her an aged Indian, a veritable chief of the once mighty Natchez tribe.

It was at first the intention of Ruby to beat a hasty retreat for the house, but conquering the inclination she awaited the approach of the Indian, whose long, white locks proved she need not fear him.

"Me say good day to pretty pale face squaw," said the Indian, halting near her, and leaning heavily upon a long rifle he carried.

"Good morning, chief; here is gold for you," replied the maiden, handing him a piece of gold to the old warrior.

"Me no like white face gold; give me dat," and chief tell white squaw who she marry," and the Indian pointed to a scarlet scarf that adorned the maiden's neck, which she ostentatiously took off and handed to him.

"Ah, you be the stars in de Happy Hunting Grounds, dat de pale face maiden will have a great chief for her husband, one she love with all her heart."

"I am glad to hear that," remarked Ruby, blushing, and then as sodden idea seemed to strike her, she said:

"Chief, never mind my fortune now, but you should know where I can buy a handsome Indian costume. Bring me one within three days, and I will pay you liberally for it."

"Me bring maiden of the pale face the dress of Indian queen—me be here in tree day, when sun go yonder," and the chief pointed to the distant horizon, and shouldering his rifle walked away just as Clarice Orville, a bright-eyed beauty, came running down the shrubbery bordered walk in search of her cousin, and proposed a row upon the quiet waters of the lake.

Ruby told Clarice of her adventure with the Indian chief, and learned that there was a camp of the Natchez tribe some dozen miles away, and then she said:

"Clarice, I have given up all idea of dressing as a page at the mask ball, for I intend to go as an Indian maiden, and the chief has promised to bring me a costume.

"Oh, that will be jolly, cousin Ruby, and I'll wear your gypsy costume, for it suits me better than that stiff Queen Anne suit mother wishes me to disguise myself in," and thus conversing, the two maidens went down to the beach, and were soon in a small skiff, rowing over the quiet waters of the lake.

The latter chief was true to his promise, and upon the third evening, just as sunset, Ruby and Clarice were in the garden and there found him, awaiting with a large bundle in his arms.

Opening the package, both maidens started with wonder and delight, for a more beautiful costume, skirt, leggings, moccasins with even a small heels, and all, they never beheld; while another long bundle held a bow and quiver of arrows, with tomahawk, knife, and a beautiful wampum belt. It was some moments before Ruby could ask, so great was her delight, to see the beautiful costume, and the Indian drew himself proudly up and said:

"Me great chief; me Natchez warrior, and pale face maiden gold me don't want—good-by."

So saying, the proud warrior of a dying people, but once mighty tribe, stalked away, leaving both Ruby and Clarice surprised, and not knowing what to say or do.

"Well, Clarice," said Ruby, after a pause, "his present is certainly a magnificent one, and it is my intention to repay him in some way, so we will have to drive to the Indian camp tomorrow, and I propose to call on the old chief's people; but why he should bestow upon poor me, his superb gift, I am at a loss to understand."

"Well, cousin, we'll drive there tomorrow, and carry with us in the carriage many things that will be useful for the poor Indians, and mother will aid us in the selection; but come, let us go to the house, for collecting the costume, bow and arrows, the cousins went to the mansion and displayed to Mrs. Orville the present.

The next day, Mrs. Orville, Ruby and Clarice, drove to the Indian camp, and sought to find out the old chief, but though a number were present, not one was recognized as the donor of the costume, and all inquiries concerning him were useless, so they had to content themselves with spreading around among the delighted squaws the many little presents brought for them, after which they returned homeward, wondering at the strange freak the old warrior in refusing payment for it mostly salt, and then causing his people to keep silent regarding him.

"There is but one solution to it, Ruby, and that is, he has fallen in love with you," said Mrs. Orville, laughing.

"Why aunty, he is as old as the hills, and I wonder what he knows about love," returned the maiden.

"Perhaps you resemble some one who has

Handsomely Designed China Table Ware, Decorations Blue, Brown, Pink, Green or Gold—Mention Choice. Guaranteed Full Size for Family Use.

56 PIECES
BREAKFAST SETS,
DINNER SETS, - -
TEA SETS, - - - -
FREE!

We give you a 56 PIECE BREAKFAST, DINNER, or TEA-SET—full size for family use—FREE OF COST. Here is your opportunity. Do not miss it. This means exactly what it says. We give the sets away ABSOLUTELY FREE. There is no fraud or humbug in this announcement. There is no lottery, or words, no deception, no misunderstanding, no manipulation of words or phrases intended to deceive or mislead you. All is plain, open, above board, and we say and mean what we agree. When we state WE GIVE A 56 PIECE SET, we do not mean that we will send an ORNATE or CHEAP set, adorned by colors so often to entrap and deceive, but WE GUARANTEE to forward the real genuine article sheets. Choice given of a Breakfast, Dinner, or Tea Set—each set consisting of 56 pieces, beautifully decorated and artistically designed. In addition to the 56 pieces, every purchaser gets an elegant Watch warranted for 20 Years, or 12 Silver Plated Tea Spoons, 6 Table Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Table Spoons, a pair of ladies' or gents' Kid Gloves, or a box of one dozen handsome Stockings for ladies or gents—all colors.

Watch Warranted for 20 Yrs.

6 Knives, 6 Forks, 6 Table Spoons, & 12 Tea Spoons

REASONS FOR LIBERALITY.

for all blood diseases, nervous disorders, sluggish circulation, impaired vitality, rheumatism, female complaints, liver, kidney, and stomach troubles. We guarantee it to be the best remedy on earth for these diseases. We wish to introduce BLOOD GLOBULES into every household where it has never been used, and have set aside $25,000 CASH TO BE SPENT in giving away valuable and useful presents to those who are willing to help us.

On request we will send you a hermetically sealed Blood Globules, all charges paid, which are to be sold at 25 cents per box, or the $1.75 collected and we will present you with a 56 Piece Breakfast, Dinner, or Tea Set, and in addition we will immediately send you, all charges paid, a Watch, or 12 Silver-Plated Tea Spoons, 6 Table Knives, 6 Table Forks, 6 Table Spoons, a box of one dozen Stockings (ladies' or gents'), or a pair of ladies' or gents' Kid Gloves. Remember YOU HAVE ONLY SEVEN BOXES OF BLOOD GLOBULES TO SELL—no more.

THE ONLY CONDITION.
MARK IT WELL.

This is one of the most sensational strokes of advertising ever launched and we will carry it out, as our reputation depends upon the fulfillment of every promise we make. To accomplish so huge a reduction in prices, it is necessary to do something startling to outstrip one's rivals, and that is just what we intend to do. Of course a large amount of cash and nerve are required to enable anyone to take the lead. We have both. Nerve and cash are ready to give a share of the CASH TO YOU in presents. We guarantee satisfaction to all who do business with us.

Address: BLOOD GLOBULE COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY, N. Y.

NO MONEY.
Remember you need not pay a Penny in advance. Only send your full name and post-office address with a card, and deliver the Sets FREE OF ALL EXPENSE nearest Express and Freight Depot. We box, pack, to Express or Freight Depot and we further guarantee against breakage or damage in any form.

WRITE YOUR ORDER ON THIS FORM, CUT IT OUT AND SEND IT IN.

Cut from Chicago Weekly Ledger.

BLOOD GLOBULE CO., New York.
PLEASE SEND ME 7 BOXES OF BLOOD GLOBULES, WHICH I WILL SELL AT 25 CENTS A BOX, AND I AGREE TO REMIT THE $1.75 WHEN SOLD. FORWARD ME THE PRESENTS SELECTED BELOW.
Name..... Town..... State.....
County..... Street and No.....
Express Office..... Freight Office.....
Do you want a Breakfast, Dinner or Tea Set? ..... What additional Premium do you want? .....
☞ If you do not wish to cut this paper then make a copy of this coupon and send us your written order.

The Wizard of the Waves.

(Continued.)

been kind to himself or his people," suggested Clarice.

"That may be, for the Indian nature is such as never to forget a friend or foe, I've heard the colonel say," returned Mrs. Orville, and the latter was at last the conclusion decided upon when the carriage arrived at home.

"At any rate, Ruby, you will have the handsomest costume at the ball, and you will just look bewitching as an Indian maiden," said Clarice.

"And my sweet cousin, as a gypsy queen, will far outdazzle her Indian cousin," returned Ruby, as she sprang from the vehicle.

"No flattery, coz, 'and thou lovest me;' but I'll tell you what we'll do, and that is, we'll go partners in heart-breaking, and make many a poor fellow love us to distraction," and the gay Clarice darted into the house to avoid a reproof from her mother, upon her outspoken intentions at flirtation.

* * * * * *

The night of the ball came, and all was propitious for a delightful entertainment, for the moon shone in an unclouded sky, the air was balmy and laden with the scent of flowers, while the gay belles and beaux of the city were all in humor to enjoy to their hearts' content, the festivities of the carnival.

New Orleans was ablaze with lights, and crowds of gayly dressed citizens thronged the streets, while a continuous stream of vehicles rolled along the Faubourg Mariguy, in the direction of the spacious salon, where the masquerade was to be held.

By 10 o'clock nearly all of the guests had arrived, and the sweet strains of music, the lively tread of dancers, the hum of hundreds of voices, and the merry laugh filled the hall and its surrounding corridors and the antechambers, proving that the festivities were at their height.

Crossing Rue St. Phillipe, and going in the direction of the Faubourg Mariguy, as the bell in the tower of the cathedral tolled ten, was a man of commanding appearance, clad in the full costume of an Indian chief, made of the finest materials, and elaborately embroidered with beads, from the collar of the buckskin hunting-shirt, to the small moccasins that encased his feet, while in a belt he wore all the paraphernalia of an Indian's warlike equipment.

The face of the man was hidden beneath a closely fitting mask of scarlet silk, through the eyelet of which glared a pair of brilliant eyes; still, had it not been for the white, finely shaped hands, the little finger of the left hand encircled by a signet ring, the personage might have been mistaken for some great chief of a mighty tribe of Indians, for his bearing was haughty, and his steps firm and quick, like one born to command.

Numberless maskers were in the streets, playing all manner of jokes upon each other, and those who were unmasked, but the impersonation of an Indian chief walked along without molestation, none caring to play their pranks in reach of his formidable looking arm.

Turning into the Faubourg Mariguy, the man in the scarlet mask soon came to the entrance leading to the ballroom, and walking boldly up to the doorway, presented a tinted card of admission to the guard, who glancing as it carefull, said:

"Pass, monsieur; and monsieur will please leave his arms in the reception to the right."

Bowing slightly, the stranger walked on, and simply pointing to the Indian weapons in his belt, hesitated before the second guard.

"Monsier can pass without leaving those," replied the polite guard, and the next moment he had entered the brilliant salon, and hundreds of eyes fell upon his elegant, majestic form, set off to great advantage by the superb costume.

"Fair Pocahontas, there is a chief of your own tribe, I should judge by his dress," suddenly said a voice near the one of the scarlet mask, and turning quickly, he beheld only a few steps away a maiden dressed in an attire as similar as possible to his own, where one was intended for a woman and the other for a man.

The gaudy headdress of richly dyed feathers found its counterpart upon the head of the maiden, while the figures wrought in each dress were exactly the same pattern, even to the bead-covered moccasin on the feet of each.

Stepping forward the stranger spoke in tones singularly deep, as he held forth his hand to the maiden, saying:

"The eyes of the lone chief have grown weary watching for the form of Pocahontas, among the pale face lilies, but at last the Great Spirit of his race has guided his wandering feet to where she awaited his coming.

"Will the daughter of the Natchez go with the chief of her nation?"

The maiden was Ruby Ramelle, her beautiful face, by some strange coincidence, hidden beneath a scarlet mask, and she was leaning upon the arm of an officer in the uniform of a captain of the United States navy, while also of the same party were two others, another naval officer, whose face like the others was masked, and upon his arm a gypsy queen, whom the reader will recognize as Clarice Orville, in spite of the green silk covering over her fair features.

It was Clarice that had spoken, and attracted the attention to the Indian chief, and also turned his eyes toward the maiden; but when he addressed Ruby, under her assumed name of Pocahontas, and asked imitating the figurative manner of the Indian in his language, she hesitated, not knowing what to do, until Clarice whispered:

"Go, Ruby, he's just the finest form in the room, and I know he's as handsome as a picture."

Still Ruby hesitated, and the chief said, in tones of sadness:

"Does the maiden of the Natchez, fear to trust the chief of the nation, or has she no faith in him?"

"Go Ruby—all here are well known, and we must not be too particular," said the naval captain upon whose arm she leaned, and who was none other than her father.

"The chief of the children of the sun, thanks the great warrior of the trailless waters, for his faith in him."

CHAPTER XI.

"Will the wild flower of the forest come now?" and the chief again offered his arm, and, accepting it, the two walked away, leaving Captain Ramelle wondering where he had heard that voice before, and how it was that the masked stranger had recognized him, and he turned to Clarice to solve the mystery, but that young damsel was whirling around the room in a waltz with Chester Woodbridge, who was endeavoring to decide which was the handsomest, the Captain's daughter or his niece.

In the meantime the chief of the Natchez had offered himself as a partner to Ruby, and the two had gone once around the salon in the waltz, and drew all eyes upon them by their graceful dancing and splendid appearance, after which they had promenaded towards one of the corridors leading into the conservatory, where the choicest of flowers shed their fragrance.

Wondering where she had ever met the man at her side, before that night, for that they were not strangers she was certain, Ruby was puzzled and silent, as one is often wont to be when a difficult question cannot be solved, and her manner attracted the attention of the chief, who said, softly, his voice no longer stern:

"Is Miss Ramelle regretting that she entrusted herself to the care of a stranger?"

"You know me, then? I felt that we had met before; but is it fair to thus tempt woman's nature in her weakest point—curiosity?"

"Perhaps not, and yet I fear, were Miss Ramelle to see my face, it would bring a cloud upon her own."

"And why, sir, Chief?"

"You know my name, and from the wonderful similarity in our costumes, my vanity almost tempts me to believe you knew what I was going to wear, and hence——"

"Do not hesitate, Miss Ramelle. You were about to say, 'and had my costume made exactly like the one you wear.'"

"Yes."

"I will be frank with you—I did."

"Can I ask how you knew it?"

"Certainly, if you will tell me if you remember this scarf?" and the stranger handed to the astonished maiden the scarlet scarf she had given the old Indian in the Lakeside Retreat grounds.

"It is mine——"

"Pardon me, it is mine, for you gave it away."

"I gave it to an old Indian, and he it is that has betrayed me."

"No; a chief of the Natchez betrays not even an enemy, and never a friend."

"Nonsense! Speak like a christian, for I am interested now; where did you get this scarf?"

"You gave it to me."

"Did I not tell you I give it to an old Indian?"

"Yes; but would anyone seeing you tonight, recognize you as Miss Ramelle in the dress you now wear?"

"No; but what then?"

"Do you now recognize in me the old Indian to whom you gave the scarf?"

Ruby did not answer immediately but let her eyes run from head to feet of the man before her, and then said, slowly:

"Yes; he was tall and the voice is the same; please tell me when we last met?"

"In the garden at the Orville Villa, when I gave you that costume, which I had made on purpose, after the pattern of the one I now wear."

"Well, you have fooled me throughout; but you are not to escape so easily. Where did we meet before that meeting in the garden?"

"The last time it was far from here; it was in scenes far different scenes which I can never forget," and the chief spoke earnestly.

"Please tell me, who are you?" and Ruby laid her little hand on the arm of the man before her.

"One condemned of men, an outcast from home and country, I am Rafael, the Sea Wizard!"

"Oh, heaven spare him!" cried Ruby, and she reeled as though about to fall, but recovering quickly, she asked:

"Oh, why did you come here? Do you not know your life will be the forfeit if you are discovered?"

"Aye, I know it but too well, lady," and the chief removed his mask, for none of the maskers were near them, and displayed the handsome, fascinating, but stern and sad face of Rafael.

"Then why did you risk life thus?" questioned Ruby, earnestly.

"To see you, lady, I came here amid those from whose midst I am exiled forever, for I am branded by the name of pirate, and across the threshold of honor I must not pass, unless the hounds of the law howl for my blood."

The rover spoke bitterly and his words touched Ruby to the heart, for she added, softly:

"You are not, at heart, what men paint you, and the future is yet before you."

"Lady, I thank you for those words; but I came here to see you, and for no other reason, for I would again see the sweet smile you once turned upon me, even though I be wholly unworthy of your regard——"

"Say not so, for your noble conduct has won my deepest gratitude, and—but I must say no more—quick, cover your face, for my friends are seeking me."

"Miss Ramelle, your kind words have been a balm to my wounded feelings, and I beg, though I leave you now, that I may meet you again."

"No, no, no; it were better not—no, I cannot; quick, replace your mask."

"Promise me that the second day from this, at sunset, you will be in the villa grounds where I met you before."

"No; I must not promise; oh, for heaven's sake, put on your mask, for here comes my father and——"

"Promise me."

"I will, yes."

"Thank you," and so saying, the rover quietly replaced his mask, just as Captain Ramelle came forward, with Lieutenant Constaro leaning on his arm, for both gentlemen were unmasked.

"My daughter, the Lieutenant and myself have sought for you everywhere."

Ruby held forth her hand absent-mindedly to the Spaniard, and then removed the silken covering from her face, and turned her eyes full upon Rafael, who bowed low, pressed her hand lightly, and walked quickly away, leaving the maiden watching the tall figure until it disappeared in the crowded salon, when, with a sigh, she turned to entertain the Spanish officer.

In next week's Ledger further chapters of this highly fascinating story will appear. To all subscribers of our free cameras and free patterns are given as announced on pages thirteen and fifteen.

He (11 p. m.)—I—er—have a conundrum for you, Miss Ethel.

She (suppressing a yawn)—What is it?

He—What is the difference between a lot of money and myself?

She—Well, it's easy to get rid of money.

Hypocrites

"Huh! He's no christian."

"That's a libel. He assures me that whenever a question arises between the church and the world he keeps on the right side of the church all the time."

"Yes; but he considers the outside the right side."

FOR MEN ONLY.

Free Trial Package of This New Discovery Mailed to Every Man Sending Name and Address—Quickly Restores Strength and Vigor.

Free trial packages of a most remarkable remedy are being mailed to all who will write the State Medical Institute. They cured so many men who had battled for years against the mental and physical suffering of lost manhood that the institute has decided to distribute free trial packages to all who write. It is a home treatment and all men who suffer with any form of sexual weakness resulting from youthful folly, premature loss of strength and memory, weak back, varicocele, or emaciation of parts can now cure themselves at home.

The remedy has a peculiarly grateful effect of warmth and seems to act direct to the desired location giving strength and development just where it is needed. It cures all the ills and troubles that come from years of misuse of the natural functions and has been an absolute success in all cases. A request to the State Medical Institute, 344 Elektron Building, Fort Wayne, Indiana, stating that you desire one of their free trial packages will be complied with promptly. The institute is desirous of reaching that great class of men who are unable to leave home to be treated and the free sample will enable them to see how easy it is to be cured of sexual weakness when the proper remedies are employed. The Institute makes no restrictions. Any man who writes will be sent a free sample, carefully sealed in a plain package so that its recipient need have no fear of embarrassment or publicity. Readers are requested to write without delaly.

A GOOD SALARY

is in reach of every one who will undertake to be trained for it BY MAIL by the I. C. S. METHOD. Circular free. Mention position for which you wish to qualify.

INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, Box 1206, SCRANTON, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE PAPER FREE. THE BEST in existence. Eastern Agency, 66, Bridgeport, Conn

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Dice Cards ELECTRIC WORK IN SPINDLES, WHEELS, etc. Send for big Catalog of Sporting Goods. KERNAN MFG. CO., Dept. L. CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TAPE-WORM EXPELLED WITH HEAD. GUARANTEED. BOOKLET FREE. BYRON FIELD & CO., DEPT. L. G. 182 STATE ST., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRY WHAT MAN WILL MARRY PLAIN LADY WHO WILL GIVE HER HUSBAND $5,000.00 ON WEDDING DAY & $5,000.00 MORE IF SUITED. FOR REPLY SEND ADDRESS to MISS 664 CLIMAX Office, CHICAGO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MOTHERS Enuresine cures Bed-wetting. Sample free. Dr. F. E. May, Box 212, - Bloomington, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRIAGE DIRECTORY FREE, names, addresses and descriptions given. Money paid at marriage. Particulars for stamp. Select Club, Dept. 6, Tekonsha, Mich

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

OPIUM and Liquor Habit Cured without inconvenience or detention from business. Write THE DR. J. L. STEPHENS CO., Dept. B 2, Lebanon, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

POULTRY PAPER, illus'd. 20 pages, 25 cts. per year. 4 months trial 10 cts. *Sample Free.* 64-page practical poultry book free to yearly subscribers. Book alone 10 cts. Catalogue of poultry books free. *Poultry Advocate*, Syracuse, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LITTLE EGYPT

DANCING the HOOCHY-KOOCHY,

showing the original movements, positions, etc., as given by the world-famed dancer in real life. Beautifully made. Don't show it to your best girl. It's amusing to watch her while in motion. Price 10c., 3 for 25c., and our Big Catalog. WHITESON MFG. CO., 804-806 Dearborn Street, Dept. 70 CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BRASS BAND

Instruments, Drums, Uniforms, Equipments for Bands and Drum Corps. Lowest prices ever quoted. Fine Catalog, 400 Illustrations, *mailed free*; it gives Band Music & Instructions for Amateur Bands. LYON & HEALY, 51 Adams St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SEND NO MONEY

For our magnificently engraved double hunting case watch of Gold alloy with extra 14 karat gold plate, equal in appearance to any 35 dollar watch. Movement is the best make, fully jeweled, duplex escapement, quick train, pat. pinion, accurately regulated and adjusted with 20 YEAR GUARANTEE. Railroad men all over the country buy this watch on account of its durability and timekeeping qualities. Our factory price is $42.00 per doz.; for the next 60 days we will send you one sample for free inspection. If fully satisfied pay $3.50 and express charges, otherwise not one cent. State nearest express office, and if Ladies' or Gents' watch. FREE a handsome Chain and Charm worth $1 with every Watch. Catalogue free. Excelsior Watch Co. 37 Central Bank Bldg., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Man's Mission on Earth

MEDICAL BOOK FREE.

Know Thyself Manual, a book for men only, sent Free, postpaid, sealed, to every male reader mentioning this paper; 6c. for postage. "The Science of Life, or Self-preservation," the Gold Medal Prize Treatise, the best Medical Book of this or any age, 370 pp., with engravings and prescriptions. Elegant Library Edition, full gilt, ONLY $1; paper covers, inferior abridged edition, 25c. GET THE BEST. Address the Peabody Medical Institute, 4 Bulfinch st., opp. Revere House, Boston Mass., the oldest and best in this country. Write today for these books; keys to health and happiness. Consultation, in person or by letter.

The Peabody Medical Institute has many imitators, but no equals.—Boston Herald.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A TRIP OVER THE Mexican Central RAILWAY

Presents more that is of interest to the pleasure seeker, man of business, or invalid, than can be seen in a like number of miles elsewhere in the world. Thermal springs, a climate like Indian summer, rich agricultural districts where the products of the temperate zone and semi-tropics are raised side by side. Growing cities and prosperous mining camps, mountains and hillsides teeming with game, quaint and curious Indian villages, ruins historic and prehistoric, the most ancient and the most modern side by side.

The Mexican Central railway connects the waters of the Gulf of Mexico with the slopes of the Pacific.

Excursion tickets on sale throughout the year. Write for book, "Facts and Figures" about Mexico.

W. C. Carson, eastern agent, 52 Broadway, New York.

T. R. Ryan, general agent, 236 South Clark St., Chicago.

C. R. Hudson, G. F. and P. A., City of Mexico.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A BLIND WANDERER.

Didn't Know That Food Could Restore Her.

A well known writer uses Grape-Nuts as a tonic when feeling the effects of extra heavy work. She writes, "Grape-Nuts should be taken regularly as one would a tonic. I use nine each in the morning with hot milk or cream poured over it, and it is delicious, nourishing and strengthening.

Some time ago I said to a lady friend who was a great sufferer from dyspepsia and has been an invalid for five years, and who was a mere skeleton, 'if I had only known you sooner you need not have suffered all these years.' She looked at me in surprise and asked me what I would have done. 'I should have put you on Grape-Nuts Breakfast Food.' I replied quite confidently. 'Did you ever hear of it?' Oh, yes she had had heard of it but never tried it as she had never her attention called to it especially and had not thought it applied to her needs.

'Now,' I said, 'If you will just set about it and try Grape-Nuts for a week, three times a day, I will guarantee you will rise up and call me blessed.'

She took my advice and followed it faithfully. When I saw her about a week later she looked like a different person although she had only gained two pounds in weight, but said she felt so much better and stronger and has greatly improved in health and strength since using the food.

She is getting well and you can imagine her delight is unbounded. My own experience and that of others is sufficient evidence of the scientific value of a food that contains nourishment to the system that builds up the brain and nerve centers.' Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Fatality.

"When I began business," said the plutocrat, wearily, "I made a vow that whenever I had earned an even million I would quit."

"Why, you've done that many times over, long ago," said the other man, "yet you are still accumulating."

"That's the curse of it. Whenever I think I've made the even million I find on figuring it up it's either a little more or a little less, and I've got to go on with the struggle."

And he sighed heavily.

Four Trains Daily

To Indianapolis and Cincinnati, via Monon route and C. H. & D. Ry. Through sleeper from Chicago to St. Augustine, Fla., every night. City ticket office, 232 Clark street, Chicago.

Both Ways.

"Do you think that's the way for a christian to talk—that you'd like to skin me and hang my hide on your barn door?"

"Why! Didn't you say you endorsed all the miracles recorded in the bible as being merely figurative?"

"Certainly."

"Well, why can't you consider what I said about you figuratively likewise?"

A Fine Kidney Remedy.

Mr. A. S. Hitchcock, East Hampton, Conn., (Chr. Column), says if any one suffering from a kidney and bladder disease will write him he will tell them what he used. He is not a dealer in medicine and has nothing to sell or give, just directs you to a perfect cure.

Impressed.

"Did yez show Casey, the contractor, the Wash'nt'n monnymint?" asked Mr. Rafferty.

"I did," answered Mr. Dolan, "an' he wor deeply impressed."

"What did he say?"

"He said it wor the tallest one-story buildin' he iver saw."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

A Rare Brand.

"This," the salesman said, handing out another package, "is also an excellent substitute for coffee. It is very wholesome. It makes red blood."

"Haven't you something," asked the young woman with the earrings, "that makes blue blood?"

A Beautiful Piano Book (free).

A beautiful book containing portraits of the greatest musicians, and illustrated in five colors, may be obtained free by sending your address to Lyon & Healy, 30 Adams St., Chicago. It contains so much information about the various great leading styles of piano that no one can afford to purchase a piano without first reading this book. Write for it.

The Octopus.

"What!" ejaculated the man. "Four hundred dollars for that dress?"

"Yes," answered the wife, soothingly. "It is the train that makes it so expensive."

"Ah-h-h!" groaned the husband, "that cursed railroad trust again!"

Land and a Living

Are cheap in the new south. Land $3 to $5 per acre. Home rates twice a month. Queen & Crescent route. Free books and maps. W. C. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

It Never Came Back.

"Take my advice. Don't lend Burroughs any money."

"I never did."

"Why, you used to, I'm sure, because—"

"No; I used to think I was lending it to him, but I soon discovered it was purely a gift."

In Toto.

Trusty Henchman—You carried the caucus unanimously?

Alderman From the Steenth Ward (in a whisper)—Certainly. But I had to pack it first.

THE COMING OF APRIL.

The month of sunshine, showers and rainbows.

Dime Museum Law Practice.

The Living Skeleton fell in love with the Tallest Woman on Earth.

He went to her father to sue for her hand.

"Sir," he said, "I wish to marry your daughter."

"You!" contemptuously exclaimed the old man. "Well, you can't have her."

"Sir!" retorted the Living Skeleton, "I shall appeal to a higher court."

So he carried the case to the Giantess herself, and she handed down a decision in his favor.

His Experience.

"You can't imagine," said the musical young woman, "how distressing it is when a singer realizes that she has lost her voice."

"Perhaps not," replied the man, "but I've got a fair idea of how distressing it is when she doesn't realize it."

No Choice.

"Surely, Edith," exclaimed the minister to his daughter, "you are not going to attend a theatrical performance this evening?"

"Shame! Do you forget that this is the penitential season?"

"Oh, no; that's just it. You see, this is an amateur performance."

Doubtful.

Collector—When shall I call again to collect this bill, sir?

Dashaway—How do I know? I can't always tell ahead just when I am going to be out.

His Acquaintance.

Wigg—Have you known Hardupp long?

Wagg—No; he's been short ever since I have known him.

Bach L. Ory—I wonder why April I ever came to be called "All Fools' Day?"
Ben E. Dict—I was married April I.

WHERE DOCTORS FAIL.

An Extensive Field of Suffering That Lies Beyond Medical Skill, Knowledge or Experience.

Some Plain Truths That Are All-Important to Women.

It is a mistake to think that the doctors know everything. They are often very gifted and read many books, but there are forms of suffering that evade the keenest study and are not set down in the books. This is the case above all with the ills and ailments peculiar to the weaker sex. Common sense will speedily tell us some of the reasons why. The female organism is the most sensitive as well as the most beautiful structure in creation. It was Robert Burns, in his picturesque idiom, who ventured to say of the Creator

'His prentice han' He tried on man,
And then He made the lasses, O!'

Now, the more complex a mechanism is, the more liable it is to get out of order. For the same reason it is harder to know the cause and extent of the trouble, or the best way to cure it. Here are the facts for women's ailments exactly. But this is not all. The mind of woman is even more sensitive than the exquisite framework of her body. It is only with keen distress that she speaks of her private ills to a medical man. In very many instances her modesty hinders a full or clear disclosure of them. On this account the doctor is at a further disadvantage. He simply cannot cure the conditions that he does not know, or only know in part. His skill and his book-science are here no better than guess-work. He never gains the true experience that should crown them. He fails—constantly fails.

And oh! what an amount of torture, prolonged agony and suffering, of bitter disappointments, of homes and families ruined, of made miserable, or even crushed out of existence, are due to these failures of the healing profession. The mere mention, to any of them gives a heartache to those who are most familiar with the subject.

What, then, are ailing women to do? Is there no harbor or safety for them? Is there nobody in this broad land on whom they can rely for help, for sure help and comfort, in those distresses to which they are subject as maidens, wives or mothers? Happily there is. Happily, too, there is no ground for misgiving or uncertainty about the fact. In countless American homes the name of Lydia E. Pinkham is held as that of the angel who brought relief under all such conditions. Her famous specific, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, is confessedly a sovereign remedy that can be always relied on for a perfect cure. You could scarcely find anywhere even three women together who could not give an experience of extraordinary menstrual pains, backache, leucorrhea, prolapsus and other womb troubles, irritation, faintings, nervous prostration and the like, and in the vast majority of cases the women who have been cured or have—and they are warned from the greater evils they lead up to—are women who wrote to seek advice from Mrs. Pinkham and acted on it without any delays or doubtings. Alone and unapproachable she has won this claim to the gratitude of women. She has to make this feeling the more general and durable, she is constantly engaged in study and advise on the cases of suffering women that are personally reported to her. This last is indeed a form of blessing. No matter how humble the writer may be, or how poorly she writes, if she only tells her worry and her symptoms to Mrs. Pinkham she will get by return mail the most candid advice that scientific skill and long experience can supply. Many is the healthy and happy woman, at this time freshly and emaciated from constant pain, who now blesses the day she wrote down her tale of woe and addressed it simply 'Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.' Any woman who reads these lines, may do the same this very hour, and with the same comforting assurance. It costs nothing. No woman needs to blush or hesitate—as she might before a doctor—in writing to another woman, kind, benevolent and experienced, the statement of the troubles from which she seeks relief. No other woman than a woman's eye will ever get a glimpse of her letter. And it is a woman's great heart that will give her the instruction she knows and point out the way to a certain cure, though a score of doctors may have failed to do so. All suffering women should open up a correspondence with Mrs. Pinkham of Lynn, Mass.

Adversity may have its uses, but it's the abuses thereof that make a mess sore.

RHEUMATISM CAN BE CURED.

Box Free to Every Sufferer.

Have you got rheumatism?
Would you like our free book?
Will you try a free box of our remedy?
To every sufferer, applying, we will send a free box of our remedy that cures all forms of rheumatism at once, limbers the stiffened joints and restores the kidneys, liver and bowels to a healthy normal condition. It dissolves the uric acid crystals, kills the poison, soothes the inflammation and quiets the nerves.
It is purely vegetable.
It is yours for the asking.
A trial costs nothing.
Will you try it free?
The star yot mysterious old KO-TI-OSH free with above. Write today to The Blair Remedy Co., 1305 Masonic Temple, Chicago, Ill., for a free box and book, inclosing a stamp if convenient.

Storyettes.

Wasn't That a Shame?

A young couple recently married in this city had a few experiences connected with the ceremony that will furnish delightful gossip and speculation during the honeymoon. The bride wanted the minister in a small town in New Hampshire, an old friend of her family, with whom she had been a favorite in her childhood days, says the Springfield Homestead.

He was asked to come down to Springfield and responded that he would be delighted to do the job. He wrote the bride that he intended to make her a wedding present of the fee and shyly advised her to see to it that her prospective husband made the fee a generous one.

The first hitch came when the minister asked for the marriage license. The groom was positive that he had one and remembered that he paid 50 cents for it, but it could not be found. The best man was dispatched in great haste to the mayor's house and was directed by his honor to see the city clerk. The genial passenger Burns was ruthlessly torn from an exciting game of checkers to issue the license, but after a half hour of combined forces to secure a copy of the license. (It might be said right here that the groom discovered the original license in his overcoat the next day).

After a little more heart-breaking delay the couple were successfully and securely wedded, blessed and speeded on their way, but the wedding tour was somewhat abbreviated by reason of another slip in the program.

"Now, Roy," the bride had repeatedly said some days before the wedding, "you must make the minister's fee a handsome one, because you know he is going to give it back to me, anyway for a wedding present." and Roy felt secure under such circumstances in putting a royal perquisite in the minister's envelope.

The business side of the affair was left with the best man, who was given two envelopes, one containing the fee and the other a small sum to cover the minister's traveling expenses. These he handed to the dominie with suitable explanations and the latter pocketed one and handed the other to the blushing bride just as the farewells were being said.

Now the groom is waiting hopefully for an explanation from the minister as to how the envelopes were mixed so that the bride's present from the dominie was only the return fare, and in fact is sure that he will not be invited to spend his vacation in Springfield until he redeems himself.

Moral—Don't make presents to anyone by proxy.

"Poor Old Jim."

"I don't think I'll try any more practical jokes on my wife. They don't pan out well." Biddle.

"You see, she has a habit of twisting the window in our room every night. As I usually go to bed last she depends on me to hoist it. Sometimes I forget it and then there's a wild night. Frequently she wakes me up in the night and asks me to see if it is open. If I don't she nags at me till morning. A night or two ago I resolved to give her a hard scare. I rolled up a lot of old newspapers into a long bundle and laid the package down by the window. Of course she was asleep and didn't hear me. Then I opened the window a little ways and crept into bed. Some time after midnight she shoved me and said: 'Jim, I'm sure you didn't open that window—it's like a bake oven in the room. Get up and see.' So I got up, went to the window and threw the sash as high as it would go. As I did so I gave a little shriek and then tossing my bundle down to the walk below. It struck with a dull thud and I dodged behind the curtain to await further developments. The room was very dark and I couldn't see my wife, but I heard her raise herself to a sitting posture. Then she spoke, 'Poor old Jim,' she quietly said, 'he's tumbled out of the window, in his raggedest night shirt. What a spectacle he'll be when they find him in the morning.' Then she lay down again and went to sleep."

"What did you do?"

"Stood there shivering for a minute two and then sneaked into bed."

Why He Pawned His Coat.

"Can I get a dollar on this?" asked a well-dressed man as he presented a handsome fur-lined overcoat to the pawnbroker.

"Well, I should say so," replied the money loaner, visibly surprised, "and a lot more, if you want it."

"No; one dollar's enough," was the man's answer, as he took the ticket after the usual preliminaries had been gone through with.

Later in the day the owner of the coat came back, paid the pawnbroker the dollar with the legal charge of 3 cents, and took his property back.

"Say," said the man of loans, handing over the coat, regretfully, "you're a queer customer. Don't you know you might have left the garment here for a month and it would only have cost you 3 cents, but what you have paid for the use of the dollar for one day?"

"Oh, I didn't need the dollar," answered the customer, and in proof of his assertion he pulled out a roll of bills "large enough to choke a cow," as a sporting man would say.

"That beats me," said the pawnbroker, now thoroughly interested. "What did you pawn it for, then?"

"Simply for safe-keeping," coolly replied the customer. "You see it's like this. It's a warm day and I didn't want to tug the coat around with me. I'm not stopping at a hotel because I only have time to catch my train. At the depot parcel room the boy in charge wanted ten cents for checking it, so I concluded to make the ten cents by letting you take care of it for me."

This Is the Difference.

"Yes, that is where he made a mistake," said McLean, referring to the latest act of stupidity on the part of McPlane.

"I don't call such an action as that a mistake," replied old Cormack, dictatorially. "I call it a blunder."

"Well, it's all the same thing," returned McLean.

"No; you're wrong there," was Cormack's reply; "there's a good deal of difference between a blunder and a mistake."

"I should like to know what it is," answered McLean, sceptically.

"Well, suppose you went to call on some friend, and you should run into the stand and took away a new one when you left, that would be a mistake; but suppose you put down a new one and brought away an old one, that would be a blunder, d'ye see?"

McLean admitted that there was a difference, after all.

Better Than a Watch.

"I've heard of many strange timepieces," said the buyer for a New York ice company, "but I ran across something entirely new in that line last week.

"I went to a lake back of Newburg to estimate the ice crop. Among the men working there was a heavy-set fellow who was dressed in blanket clothes. He kept his trousers in place with a narrow leather belt, and several times in course of the morning I noticed him tighten it a hole at a time.

"What time is it?' I asked him, for my watch was not running.

He glanced at his belt and answered, promptly, '2:30.'

Seeing that he had no watch, I asked him how he knew, and he explained his system of telling time by his belt.

"After breakfast, which was eaten at 6 o'clock, the belt was set at the last hole. Every hour during the morning he was forced to take it in a hole. He knew it was 9 minutes after 11 because he had taken it five holes and the belt was just beginning to slacken.

"After dinner he would let it out again to the last hole and it would mark off the hours during the afternoon. He said it was as trustworthy as the best watch he had ever owned, and several tests proved that he was right."

The Wife—Oh, Tom! I fooled our landlord good today.
The Husband—How?
The Wife—I gave him a check on the Hide and Seek bank and I haven't any deposit there.

An Example.

"I don't suppose I should tell the story," said Brown, with a smile, "but it is too good to keep, so here goes: My wife is a pronounced enemy to cigarettes, and I was not at all times to strike a blow at the miserable little 'coffin nail,' as she takes delight in calling it. The other day she dared to meet a small boy serenely smoking one of the little white rolls, and the sight caused her to hold up her hands in horror.

"'Little boy,' said she, severely, 'don't you want to grow up to be a big, strong man?'

"'Yes'm,' answered the boy between puffs.

"'Well, you never will if you smoke those nasty things. They will make you dreadfully thin!'

"'Oh,' replied the boy, as he looked critically at my wife, who is extremely thin, 'I bet you must have smoked a lot of 'em!'"

"Yooooooo!"

Suppose, when you've been bad some day
And up to bed are sent away
From supping and the rest—
Suppose you ask, "Who has been bad?"
And then you'll hear what's cruel,
Each friend with mien in its ruefulest tone:
"Yoooooo! Yoooooo! Yoooooo!"
—Eugene Field.

Wide.

"You say Miss Pinkerton is accomplished."

"Why, I never met a more accomplished girl. She knew just a little about every subject I introduced."

AGENTS WANTED

DON'T SET HENS for sale all our Thoroughbred Poultry, Eggs and Stock. Send 10 cents for 160-Page Illustrated Poultry Book. Tells How to Get Rich Quick. Describes 100 Varieties. Contains over 50 Fine Colored Plates. Poultry only 25 cents. Contains all The Egg Formula. Tells how to make Incubators and Brooders. Address, Reliable Poultry Journal Co., Box 114, Quincy, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE GOLD WATCH Send your name with your address and we will gladly send you a beautiful Solid Gold Plated, stem wind, stem set watch, guaranteed to keep correct time. The case is Solid Gold Plated, equal in appearance to a Solid Gold Watch warranted 20 years. We give it FREE to Boys and Girls for selling 20 packages of Bluine at 10 cents a package. Bluine is a new discovery for washing clothes and we will trust the boy or girl with the Bluine until sold. When sold we will positively send you the watch and chain. Write at once. BLUINE MFG. CO., Dept. 27 Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

TWO RINGS FREE

Send name and address, **no money**, and we will mail you ten boxes of Comfort Cough Tablets. We will give a ring in one of these boxes. Sell them at 10c. a box. When sold we will send you the ring we have selected. SOLID GOLD Gold Rings, Watches, Chains, Lockets, Cameras, Guns, Rifles, Pistols, Etc., for selling our goods. Write us to-day. COMFORT MEDICINE CO., Providence, R. I.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ELECTRIC AGENTS OR MERCHANTS MAKE $100 WEEKLY

Sell Electric Belts, Suspensories and Insoles. Sample Belt 250-Candle Power. Best electric are light. Cheapest Belt known. Most convenient and simple Belt Machine sold. Fully guaranteed. Write for Terms. Mention this paper. THE ELECTRIC CO., 1 Grand Opera House, Quincy, Illinois.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

EARN a BICYCLE distributing 1000 catalogs for us in your town. agents can make money fast on our liberal plan. Write for it.

1902 Models, $9 to $15 with Coaster Brakes and Guaranteed Tires, $7 to $10

600 Second-hand Wheels of all makes and models, good as new, $3 to $8. Great factory clearing sale. Do not buy before sending our list.

We **SHIP ON APPROVAL** and **10 DAYS' TRIAL** to anyone in U.S. or Canada without a cent in advance. Write at once for our prices and special offer to agents. Tires, equipment and sundries at half usual prices.

MEAD CYCLE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AGENTS WANTED

OUR AGENTS are positively making from $5 to $10 per day representing us. Our line of Original Stereoscopic Photographs is so nearly complete as to please anyone and everyone. We have over 10,000 Original Subjects from every part of the world. Our Improved Parlor Chamber Perfectoscope is made of ALUMINUM and MAHOGANY. The powerful lenses of this instrument bring out every ordinary flat picture into a scene so clearly resembling nature that it seems but a step to necessary to make you a part of the scene spread before you. Write us for particulars. PERFECTOSCOPE CO., 1 to 7 Beekman St., Dept. F, New York. Reliable, Solicitous, Prompt.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES Become Artists. Work home. No canvassing. Write ART CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

HOME WORK to earn a stamp, copying Send stamp. Wanted. ACME ART CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$8 PAID For 100 for Distributing Sample of Washing Powder. Send 10c. for sample and particulars. ELMER L. CRAFTSER CO., 810 S. Campbell Ave., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MONEY MADE QUICK selling our PATENT LOCK. Every family will need one. Sells at sight. No capital required. Write for terms. Sample free. Send stamp. Javelle Mfg. Co., Dept. DL, Parsons, Kans.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$12 A WEEK AND EXPENSES paid man and woman. Experience not necessary. Permanent position. Write for terms. THE NATIONAL CO., Box 1, Bloomington, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$24 A WEEK Paid men with rig to introduce Poultry Food. Send Stamp. ACME MFG. CO., Lock Box 1, Omaha City, Ia.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$2000 A YEAR IN A LEGITIMATE BUSINESS. (Can be made on $25.00 to start, no experience necessary. Write for particulars. H. A. SHERMAN, Box 1, Battle Creek, Mich.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

LADIES to do pieework at their homes. We pay $5 per week. Work sent any where in U. S. Address, Supply Co., Dept. 3, Boston, Mass.

$24 A WEEK Paid men with rig to introduce Poultry Food. Send Stamp. ACME MFG. CO., Lock Box 1, Omaha City, Ia.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

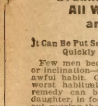
1902 Handsome New Designs in **CARDS** Sample Book, 25c. Agents Wanted. Write for Terms. Send stamp for Catalogue and Agent's Outfit.

CURES DRUNKARDS SECRETLY.

Free Package of the Only Successful Cure Known for Drunkenness Sent to All Who Send Name and Address.

It Can Be Put Secretly Into Food or Coffee and Quickly Cures the Drink Habit.

Few men become drunkards from choice or inclination—all welcome release from the awful habit. Golden Specific will cure the worst habitual drunkard. This wonderful remedy can be administered by wife or daughter, in food, tea, coffee or milk, without causing the slightest suspicion. Its cure



MR. and MRS. HARRY BURNSIDE.

is sure, without harmful results to the system. Mr. Burnside is now happy by the use of Golden Specific. "My husband got into a habit of taking a drink with the boys on his way home," says Mrs. Harry Burnside, "After awhile he began to come drunk frequently. He soon lost his position and I had to make a living for both of us and our little children. At times he tried to sober up but it was no use. I sent away for him and then he would drink harder than ever. I heard of Golden Specific and wrote for a free package. The treatment cured him. I put it in his coffee and he never knew it at all. He resigned his old position and now we are happy in our little home again. I hope you will send Golden Specific to every woman that has a husband to save, and save her loved ones from the drunkard's grave."

Send your name and address to Dr. J. W. Haines, 1264 Haines Building, Cincinnati, Ohio, and he will mail you a free package of Golden Specific in a plain wrapper, accompanied by full directions how to use it. Enough of the remedy is sent in each free package to prove to any reader its wonderful sickness its marvelous effect on those who are slaves to alcohol.

Do not delay. You cannot tell what may happen in the near future. Write today, and you would never forgive yourself for waiting.

MARRY BEST PLAN of Correspondence. Big with sample, 10c. Photos, etc., FREE. Mrs. Schlosser, 3 S. Ave. Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SPANISH Needles Rods, Goldonsters Reels, bleeding gold, silver and golden trimmings, new designs, 1902 catalog free. J. STAUFER, Dept. 9 E, Hammond, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

1427 This Price Cards, Love, Transparent, Reward, Autograph Cards, Ring Puzzles, Agents' Outfit, Signet Catalogue, Send 2c. stamp. CARDS

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CANCER CURED WITH SOOTHING, BALMY OILS. Cancer, Tumors, Catarrh, Blindness, Diseases of Skin and Female Diseases. Write for Illustrated Book. Sent Free. DR. W. O. BYE, Dept. 9, Kansas City, Mo.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A POSITIVE CURE FOR MEN ONLY WITHOUT PAIN OR LOSS OF TIME

Allan's Soluble Medicated Bougies

Will Cure the Most Obstinate Cases. No Nauseous Doses. Price $1.50. Sold by Druggists. Send for Pamphlet. J. C. ALLAN CO., P. O. BOX 2996. NEW YORK

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger

$5.95 BUYS A GENUINE DIAMOND

and a handsome 14 karat Gold Filled Solitaire Ring, guaranteed to wear and keep its brilliancy for 20 years. Send this ad with C.O.D. with privilege to examine. If satisfactory pay balance, $5.95 and express charges. Shows like a diamond. Cuts glass like a diamond. Write for catalog with each order.

CHICAGO MFG. CO., Dept. 169 50 Washington St., CHICAGO.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

CURES WEAK MEN FREE!

I will send to any sufferer of Lost Manhood, nervous debility, mental weakness, lost memory, varicocele, night losses, insomnia, pimples, blotches, nervousness, headache or unnaturalness, sexual organs, a prescription containing the secret of how I cured myself, that will quickly restore to natural size, shape and vigor, vitality and ambition of the weakest man. Just send your address to a profession in life. I was once a sufferer from all the nerve-wracking symptoms of these diseases, and having been cured in a few days, should want to lend a helping hand to my fellow sufferer. Address PROF GEORGE W. HOWARD, 104 Lincoln Building, DETROIT, MICH.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BITTERLY WRONGED; Or, LURED TO THE FOOTLIGHTS.

By E. BURKE COLLINS,

Author of "Darke House Mystery," "A Fallen Star," "The Rajah's Jewels," "A Dangerous Game," Etc.

Begun In No. 8, March 1. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued.

"Ah—h!" observed the gentleman again.

And then, after a pause, he added: "Perhaps you have a little evidence, or proof, that your story is correct, Miss Morris. If you have, I will take pleasure in hearing what you have to say."

Without any preface Barbara began and repeated her story, that which the sailor had come to tell, all of which was corroborated and repeated in substance just what he had already told Mrs. Morris. This seemed to carry weight with the man of letters, who listened in breathless silence. And when Barbara mentioned that she had overheard Mr. Gilbert Luttrell to his face of having made away with her father, his own face assumed a look of astonishment and he seemed about to speak, but, thought better of it.

"And then he went away without another word," resumed Barbara, "without saying a thing in his own excuse. Then I knew—I knew that it wouldn't do a bit of good, for nothing in the world on earth would ever induce me to believe a word that Gilbert Luttrell might say. But he left, and, sir, I am willing to trust you with all. I know it is all to go to his place of business, or his home, or—or any other place where you may decide to find him this very minute, you would not find him. I believe he's gone——"

"Where?" he hastily interrupted her listener, hastily, "A man of his wealth and position is always supposed to be somewhere, and would never disappear of his own free will like that. You are letting your zeal run away with your discretion, my dear girl. If you approve the silly mistake you are making, I will call Mr. Luttrell on the telephone. In ten minutes he will be in this room."

"Then I shall be out of it!" cried Barbara, hurriedly. "I will not meet him face to face and you would never forgive yourself for waiting. Good-by!"

"You ought to be willing to meet any unpleasant person for the sake of clearing your father's memory," observed the other.

"So I ought," returned Barbara, with conviction. "Call him up at once, and I will grant you he will not be found."

A message was hastily transmitted over over the tiephone, and elicited the response:

"Mr. Luttrell is not here. He has gone to New York."

"There!" cried Barbara, triumphantly. "I told you so. And now, I have noticed that you have not denied that Gilbert Luttrell was the author of the slander referred to, and I wish to say that I would never have had connection with Mr. Gilbert Luttrell responsible for the hideous calumny against me. The individual—or the corporation—who would defame a dead man. For, although I believe James Pike a story-teller, and a liar, he is dead, and off his cap and bowed humbly—I have every reason to fear that my father is dead, and I would otherwise have returned home long ere this to explain the mystery and punish his enemies. My father is wronged, and wronged I can tell you, and in a case of this kind he would not scruple to name the author or persons who had so defamed him. So I give up the hope of his being alive; he is dead, and we are left alone to battle with a friend. You shall hear further from us, sir. But I promise you that no scandalous article in paper ever knew, and I shall keep my word. I do not know anything of you, and just as until lives, though it often sleeps, and you shall feel its weight. I shall secure the most eminent counsel in the land, and you shall not spare you, I promise you. Good morning."

And Barbara, her head high in the air, her pitiful sanctum was over. Before the dazed and bewildered-looking editor could recover the use of his faculties she was gone, and his eyes followed the slim figure out of sight.

"Poor little thing!" he exclaimed, under his breath.

CHAPTER XII.

"WERE HOMEWARD BOUND."

"Out on the ocean, so boundless and wide," the good ship "Bellflower" was sailing along before a stout breeze, which, as the hours drifted by, gradually grew stronger and stronger, until it began to be feared that a storm was coming; and a storm in that latitude—outside the port of Shanghai—are no child's play, as a rule.

The crew were a sullen-looking crowd; the foreign element prevailed. There were Chinamen, Japanese, and even Lascars—those brutal creatures whom one cannot be blamed for thinking of a lower order of creation, ever ready to draw the carefully sheathed knife upon a fellow man. And, as the vessel scudded along the teeth of the wind, there were low-breathed mutterings and glances of hatred cast from one to the other malevolent. They seemed to hate everybody around.

Upon the deck, upon which a blazing sun had been pitilessly shining, was young, round hand and foot. His face was pallid and wan, under the beard of many days' growth, and there was a look of dull despair in his deep set, sunken eyes. That man was Captain Jack Morris, of the ship "Aegisvall." And on the "Bellflower" sailed on beneath a sky of brass, the wild winds filling her canvas and making a plaything of the great ship, he mentered under his breath:

"Heaven grant us a storm! I pray God that there will be storm enough to wreck the ship—anything is better than the fate before me! Oh, God in heaven, come to my relief soon, for I am fast losing courage and am growing hopeless."

On and on went the ship, and faster and faster arose the storm. At last a great gale burst forth in all its fury, and in a moment more the storm-sails were furled, and there were submerged in an instant; several seamen were swept overboard. The man who was a prisoner sat up with his bonds upon him and begged to be set free.

"Surely you do not intend to let me perish!" he cried. "If I were freed from these ropes there would be a chance for me to help the ship—and see! you have lost so many of your crew you will need all you can muster. Cut the ropes—cut them, I say, for the love of heaven!"

But the Lascars were muttering fiercely among themselves, and not one of them would dare approach the poor prisoner as he lay there helpless and begged for his life. For many days he had been a prisoner, and it seemed as if he could not endure much more torture much longer. So he begged with all his might and main, and could not understand how any living creature could turn a deaf ear to such an agonized appeal. He remembered only too plainly the glint of wine with Gilbert Luttrell, in his private office on that fatal night, and the drugged wine. Then came a blank, and when he opened his eyes again it was in the darkness, lying upon the floor of what seemed to be a cellar. All was dense darkness and utter gloom; he could not see his hand before his face.

After a time which seemed an eternity he heard the sound of a stealthy footstep, and directly a human form, in the darkness, bent over him, feeling his heart to find if it still beat. Then he heard the voice of a woman, softly: "He is living. Nothing can kill these old tars."

With an awful cry, Captain Jack started up and clutched his unseen enemy by the throat. For a time there was a fierce struggle, but it ended in the old man's subjugation. The other man was armed with a bottle of chloroform, and managed to hold it to the old man's nostrils and to halt smother him with its pungent fumes. Not long afterward, in the fog, Captain Jack was soon overcome and so lost consciousness. When he came to himself once more there was the rush of water in his ears—the unmistakable, familiar sound of water dashing against the sides of a ship. Thinking that he had been conveyed on board his own vessel, Captain Jack sat up and listened. A deadly sickness overcame him, and rendered him faint and feeble. He knew it was the chloroform which had been piled with, for the question was—who had administered the drug?

There was but one person at all concerned in the making away with Captain Jack Morris and the knowledge of the deed—Gilbert Luttrell was the guilty man. When morning came, the whole story was told by the cruel wretch who had been instrumental in dragging him away from his home and family, which he had not seen before for nigh unto a year. To his surprise and horror, he found his fellow prisoner to be Gilbert Luttrell's brother—a coarse, cruel man of evidently utterly debased and dead to all noble instincts. A struggle ensued for the possession of which his more finely strung brother Gilbert would have undertaken, Gilbert would not stop at anything cruel and wicked, and this man, known as "Cap" Luttrell, fairly revelled in doing evil and in the fact that they rivaled in atrocity anything vile of which Captain Jack could be accused.

He knew his doom before many hours had passed, at first, he begged and besought his freedom—for that the commander was somemade evident—his manacled limbs telling the whole story. But he was only laughed derisively, and soon the poor old man saw that all appeal was vain. No one ever received mercy from either Luttrell, and probably never would.

So at last Captain Morris sank into a sort of lethargy of despair, and gave up all hope. What his captor intended doing with him he could not imagine, unless he was to leave him adrift on some desert island and there abandon him to starve. Robinson Crusoe, but as time went by, it slowly became evident to the intention. He could see that this was not the case, but that he was being kept for some end and patiently await events; so he passed his time in resting and eating and sleeping, until anxiety he would actually be getting stronger. This he finally concluded was the best thing that could happen to him, for if ever a chance should come by which he might hope to escape he would then be strong and able to make an attempt. And if he failed in an attempt to get away, he felt sure that "Cap" Luttrell would give him short shrift.

But now the storm had broken forth upon them—such a storm as he had never encountered before in all his many voyages. He was perfectly ignorant of his location, but after so long it became evident that "Cap" Luttrell was equally as ignorant—that gentleman deigned to ask an opinion of the old sea captain, but Captain Morris shook his grizzled head.

"I was never here before," he returned slowly, "and cannot hazard a guess. Had you freed me when I first begged you to, I might have been able to tell something, but you would not, and now it is too late."

But the captain, reduced, skulk away, the men began to fear and heed at the poor

STRICTURE FREE BOOK

FOR MEN.

This book explains how Dynamic Vibratory Method treats all stricture, laying forth perfectly normal conduct. How it stops urethral discharges and cures bladder disease, obstruction to the flow of urine, and frequent urination. How it reduces

Enlarged Prostate

gland to a normal size. The treatment can be used at home and at night, without inconvenience, so that it does not interfere with business.

Thousands of men have been cured by this scientific method which is the only original and permanent cure known for these diseases. No drugs are used to rule the stomach, but it is a direct local application which quickly cures. It has been employed by physicians for years with success.

Do not delay to get this valuable and dangerous questions, but write to-day for our illustrated book giving further particulars of same, with proof of cures, which we will mail to you, under sealed cover, absolutely free of charge. Address

ROYAL PHARMACAL CO.,
413 Sycamore St., Kendallville, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$300 Genuine Cost, money for $1. $100 for 10 cents. ROBERT L. MAXWELL, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PERSONAL Send Mic of it' which is every girl's heart's secret. Write today. With send full particulars and photo of husband to be. Free. Sealed. Confidential. Descriptions will be strictly confidential. Address plainly, A. B., Lock box 816, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MOTHERS PEN-INE is a safe and sure cure for Bed-Wetting. Sample Free. 413 Sycamore St., Kendallville, Ind.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

GET MARRIED 10,000 Ladies are anxious to marry at once. Many rich. Send 10c. (silver) for sealed package containing 100 names and descriptions and P. O. address of ladies who want to marry. Address, THE CUPID CO., Box 1, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PAST AND FUTURE REVEALED. Send lock of hair, stating age, sex, married or single. Name this paper and 10c. for TRIAL reading. Address, PROF. LEON, Box 1, Fulton, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WHY LIVE ALONE? WILL SEND YOU, sealed, free of charge, a list of hundreds of ladies and gentlemen, many wealthy, who wish to marry, and a most interesting book telling how to meet them. Address, DR. CRAIG, Box 1, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A HANDSOME MUSTACHE

or heavy growth of hair on face, can be made by a few applications of WYETH'S HAIR GROWER or money refunded. Sent by mail, sealed, 50 cents. Send for free sample. Agents wanted. Big profits. Write at once for terms. Mention this paper. Illustrated circular free. Address WYETH CHEMICAL CO., 10 Wyeth Building, St. Louis, Mo.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC LANTERNS STEREOPTICONS and VIEWS for Public Exhibitions, Church Entertainments, Illustrated Lectures, Home Amusement. Cheap enough for sons with little capital to make money. 200 page catalogue free.

McALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, N. Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS NAMES WANTED

THE STAR MONTHLY, 8 pages illustrated and edited, of bright boys between 12 and 20 years of age, wants to get their names and addresses. It is the only magazine of boys' stories which now has a circulation of 100,000 copies monthly, although only 2 years old. The subscription price is fifty cents, but if you will send us 5 boys' names and addresses and enclose 2 cents for the 3 cent stamp, or 10 cents in silver, we will enter you as a subscriber fully paid for 6 months in advance. Address THE STAR MONTHLY, DEPT. 13, OAK PARK, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Weak Men Cured Free

HEALTH, VIGOR, HAPPINESS.

A most wonderful prescription for the home cure of Lost Manhood, Weakness, Nervousness, Loss of Development, Drains resulting from youthful folly, overwork, worry, Sapping Diseases and Weaknesses. Failures impossible. Nothing needed but this prescription. Discovered by Professor Foster. That recently gave straight to the tomb and the cemetery. Prescription will be sent free to any man who wants to work a lifetime of new feeling and enjoying the comforts of life. Indeed, the most nauseting cures are being daily produced. All the sufferer needs to do is to send his name and address, and the recipe will be immediately forwarded him in a perfectly sealed envelope. Address, Professor Foster, No. 2747 Atlantic Prof. F. C. FOWLER, MOODUS, CONN.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Important to Piano Purchasers

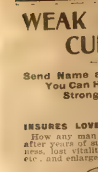
You can save $50 to $100 on a piano by securing one of those New Upright Pianos of a discontinued line of the celebrated and long standard makes from Lyon & Healy. Also numerous Pianolas in slightly used pianos returned from renting. New twentieth century upright pianos on easy terms at much lower prices than you can obtain elsewhere. This is an unusual opportunity. Do not fail to avail yourself of it. Steinway, Knabe, Fischer, Krakauer, Sterling and five other makes of pianos are sold by us. Write for particulars and state about what sum you desire to invest. Prices run $125, $150, $165, $175, $185, $200 and upward. Beautiful volume, "A Piano Book." Free for the asking. Lyon & Healy, 30 Adams street, Chicago.

WEAK MEN CURED FREE.

Send Name and Address To-day — You Can Have It Free and Be Strong and Vigorous for Life.

INSURES LOVE AND A HAPPY HOME.

How any man may quickly cure himself after years of suffering from nervousness, lost vitality, weak organs, varicocele, etc., and enlarge small weak organs to full size and strength.



Health, Strength and Vigor for Men.

I have a method of making any of the weak parts as directed, and can truthfully say it is a boon to weak men. I am perfectly improved in size, strength, and vigor."

All correspondence is strictly confidential, mailed in plain, sealed envelope. The receipt is free for the asking and they want every man to have it.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN—ELY Wealthy, Handsome and Intelligent Large Loving and Lonely, want speedy honorable band. Address P O DRAWER 38, CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A Silver-mounted Gentleman's Genuine Leather Gun Case, with Shoulder Strap and Name Plate on Cover. A nice Breech-loader Full Steel, Nickel Mounted Shot Gun, Hammerless, Top Snap Action, Automatic Shell Ejector, Choke Bored Barrels, Pistol Grip Stock, Rubber Shoulder Pad, Checkered Grip and Forend, Rebounding Lock, Patent Safety Device, Top Lever and Rod Action, Rubber Butt Plate, Fine Finish throughout. Length of Barrels 30 inches. Weight about 7½ lbs. Gauge 12. Barrel Marked with Sole Name of Manufacturer. Length of Stock 14 inches. Drop of Stock 2½ inches. Length of Forend 8 inches. Length of Gun Case 32 inches. Width of Gun Case 10 inches. Depth of Gun Case 4 inches. Leather Cartridge Belt, Leather Shell Pocket, Leather Powder Flask, Leather Shot Pouch, Leather Game Bag, Leather Gun Sling, Leather Cleaning Rod, Leather Wad Cutter, Leather Shell Extractor, Leather Oil Bottle, Leather Loading Tools, Leather Shell Box, Leather Cap Box, Leather Gun Case, Leather Shoulder Strap, Leather Name Plate, Leather Cover for Gun Case, Leather Cover for Gun Case Handle, Leather Cover for Gun Case Strap, Leather Cover for Gun Case Name Plate, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shoulder Strap, Leather Cover for Gun Case Cartridge Belt, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shell Pocket, Leather Cover for Gun Case Powder Flask, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shot Pouch, Leather Cover for Gun Case Game Bag, Leather Cover for Gun Case Gun Sling, Leather Cover for Gun Case Cleaning Rod, Leather Cover for Gun Case Wad Cutter, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shell Extractor, Leather Cover for Gun Case Oil Bottle, Leather Cover for Gun Case Loading Tools, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shell Box, Leather Cover for Gun Case Cap Box, Leather Cover for Gun Case Gun Case, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shoulder Strap, Leather Cover for Gun Case Name Plate, Leather Cover for Gun Case Cartridge Belt, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shell Pocket, Leather Cover for Gun Case Powder Flask, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shot Pouch, Leather Cover for Gun Case Game Bag, Leather Cover for Gun Case Gun Sling, Leather Cover for Gun Case Cleaning Rod, Leather Cover for Gun Case Wad Cutter, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shell Extractor, Leather Cover for Gun Case Oil Bottle, Leather Cover for Gun Case Loading Tools, Leather Cover for Gun Case Shell Box, Leather Cover for Gun Case Cap Box, Leather Cover for Gun Case Gun Case.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

$3.75 BUYS A $35 WATCH

and a handsome "Gold" watch chain & charm. The Latest Model, Size, Appearance and Accuracy as represented, superbly engraved, double hunting cases, guaranteed 25 years, and given to HIS OR HER NAME BURNED INTO WORKS. Sent C.O.D. anywhere for examination. Write if you desire "Ladies' or Gents' size." LEADER WATCH CO., 163 State St., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BRAND NEW STEEL ROOFING

Bought at Receivers' Sale. Sheets either flat, corrugated or V-crimp. Will last a lifetime. Any length to measure to lay with each sheet. Painted one side, ready for use. Price per square $1.15 cover and nail to lay. Write for free Catalogue & Sample. Northwestern Hungry Honse Wrecking Co., West 35th and Iron Sts., Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Stricture

CURED WHILE YOU SLEEP IN FIFTEEN DAYS.

GRAN-SOLVENT CRATONS will dissolve, digest and forever destroy Stricture of any size, relieving ENLARGED PROSTATE GLAND, strengthen and enlarge the Sexual Glands, forever stopping Drains and Emissions.

Viagra, as reported at night, is dissolve in three hours, curing while you sleep. No round about gross work or stomach drenching, but a direct, local application to the entire Urethral tract. VARICOCELE

The engorged accumulation of blood in the scrotum is expelled by restoring healthy circulation through the Prostatic Gland.

VALUABLE BOOKWARRANT TREATISE FREE.

ST. JAMES MEDICAL ASS'N, 39 St. James Building. - Cincinnati: Ohio

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BLOOD POISON

Primary, Secondary or Tertiary Blood Poison permanently cured in 15 to 35 days. You can be treated at home under the same guaranty. If you prefer to come here we will contract to pay your railroad fare and hotel bills, and no charge if we fail to cure. If you have taken mercury, iodide potash, and still have aches and pains, Mucous Patches in mouth, sore throat, pimples, copper colored spots, ulcers on any part of the body, hair or eyebrows falling out, it is this Secondary BLOOD POISON that we guarantee to cure. We solicit the most obstinate cases and challenge the world for a case we cannot cure. This disease has always baffled the skill of the most eminent physicians. $500,000 capital behind our unconditional guaranty. Absolute proof sent sealed on application. COOK REMEDY COMPANY, Suite 1496, Masonic Temple, - Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

Bitterly Wronged.

(Continued.)

old captain and to declare that he had brought bad luck upon the ship.

"We've had the devil's own luck ever since we shipped him aboard," cried one sailor bolder than the rest, "I say he be a Jonah, and it's best to get rid of him."

Once of that opinion, the whole crew were unanimous; Captain Morris had brought them evil; there had been nothing but bad luck ever since he had been brought on board the vessel, and if they wished to be saved from the awful storm which was raging and even now growing more and more terrible, they must cast overboard the supposed cause of the warring of the elements, the most superstitious human beings in existence are sailors and sea-faring men.

But before the frightened sailors could carry out their scheme and cast the poor old captain, bound as he was, into the boiling, foaming waters, the ship struck a reef and in an instant there was fearful panic. And then, in the midst of the terror and confusion, some body—Captain Morris could never learn who—cut the cords which bound him, and in a moment he was on his feet—and free.

The ship was going down, Captain Morris sprang into the sea and clung to a plank for safety. He remained there half insane with suffering, clinging to the plank until he was picked up by a passing vessel, bound for San Francisco.

Although he did not know it "Cap" Lutrell was also saved, and told his false story to the others of the ship's company. He told them the sad fate of the late "Bellflower," while poor old Captain Morris was an entire stranger, and his protestations were of no avail to press their rescuers in his favor. He had been a pioneer for so long that he was thought unsociable and disreputable; altogether his general appearance would not be apt to interest a casual observer.

One night, when they had reached port, Captain Morris was drugged and thrown on shore while in an insensible condition. When he recovered consciousness he found himself within four walls, not knowing where he knew not, or how he came there.

"Ruin, ruin, that the wicked were prospering; how long would this persecution last? Until life was gone?

CHAPTER XIII.

THE PRISON NEAR THE WHARF.

At first, Captain Morris remained in a bewildered, blank state, and was unable even to think lucidly, or plan for his next step—if indeed there was any use to plan. For, how did he know that there was any possible chance of escape, since he did not know the names of his enemies, or the locality, or upon what authority he had been made a prisoner? It was all a long, dark labyrinth which stretched out endlessly before him, and he was afraid to walk in it, even a single step.

He was treated with courtesy by his jailors; was properly clothed and his meals were brought to his room, three times a day—well cooked and served, and he was in all ways comfortable; but all the time his poor, old heart was crying out for the loved ones from whom he had been so cruelly parted, and the ship whose commander he was, and of whose life he knew nothing, and what must they think of him! Did they not brand him as a renegade and traitor? The thought fired his old heart, and made him hot with shame, anger and bitter indignation. It seemed as though he must break away from his captors, and make his way back home, and confront his enemies with the truth about his seeming desertion from duty.

And then, he would think of Gilbert Luttrell, and his anger knew no bounds. He would be unable to argue or reason calmly about him, he would, in words of bitter denunciation, and with a fierce joy in the expression of his invectives, were promptly reported as insanity. But that anybody could possibly look upon him as insane, never once entered the poor man's mind.

Time passed; and while far away, in the United States, poor little Barbara was fighting in defense of her father's honor, that father was in a prison, and while he was undergoing insanity hanging over his head. Night and day his thoughts were with his home and family—the dear wife and daughter, and another child who was ready to lay down her life in his defense. For, knowing Gilbert Luttrell, and his proposition regarding Barbara, the poor old man's heart was sore, as he remembered it, and an awful fear would creep over him, lest Barbara might be deceived. But his common sense assured the father that there would be nothing to fear from that source, if Barbara was true blue, and money did not tempt her. His only fear was that the strong young one unlearned in the evil ways of the world, might succumb to Gilbert Luttrell's personal fascinations. Had he only known that the worst of that had transpired between Barbara and Luttrell, he would not have given it a thought; but he relied on the child's love for him, and so much penetration and good sense. And then, the wonderful intuition, the strange natural intuition, which is more than half of an average woman's nature; far more, and far more valuable and reliable than the old man dreamed. Intuition is conscience—and everything else to a woman; and to the sensitive, nervous temperament it is sometimes the bane of her rule through life!

One night, there was a fire in the vicinity of the building where Captain Morris was confined; and as the wind was high, and the fire engines were distant, there was every evidence of spreading and creating a general conflagration. It gradually drew near the building at last, the fire was there; and there was nothing to check it, for it seemed that all had left the house, and were trying to save it, no matter whether it was a private house, or an institution of some sort; there had always appeared to be a large number of people in and about the house, and he had finally come to believe that it was some sort of a public institution.

He had been asleep some time when he was awakened by a sensation of suffocation, and found his room full of smoke. He started to his feet, and in a moment had dressed himself, and going to the door of his room, he found his whole weight upon it, and tried to break it down. But he might as well have attempted to throw down the whole house; it was firm and staunch.

With a low groan of agony, the poor old man fell back, glaring around him through the darkness, for the flames had not yet reached the prison part of the building; but if he could only get out of that room, he could easily save himself.

But there seemed no possibility of breaking down the door, and the windows were carefully barred upon the outside. After a moment of agonizing reflection, he tore up his bed, and rending the sheets and the coverlet in long strips, wound them around his waist, it looked like a poor, forlorn hope, but there was no other way, and at least it would be better and braver to perish in an attempt to save himself than to die like a rat in a trap, without an effort of some kind.

Snatching a chair he smashed the window panes, and began to try and batter down the thick, wooden shutters. To his surprise one of them gave way, and hung upon a single hinge. This made rather a narrow opening, but Captain Morris determined to squeeze through it if by with human power; and with his improvised rope carefully fastened around his waist, made the attempt.

He knew not how many stories high the house was, or if there was any way to get down, happened that he was in the second story, which was fortunate for him, for had he been on any floor but the first the descent would have been too much for the old man.

He hauled himself through, and committing himself to the care of Providence; and directly, he was dangling in the air with the sky all above him, and the ground some six feet beneath and below—the immensity of space. For a time he dangled there, between earth and sky; and then he dropped with a dull thud upon the ground and lay quite still.

He was not sure if his senses had forsaken him; darkness crept over him, he lost his grip on life. But, the cool air, the pure blessed, free air, was a tonic and a restorative, and after a time he opened his eyes to life again. He was free, and he could run. His body near—nobody within hearing evidently. He began to hope with a reasonable ground for hope, that he might escape. Some of the building burned down—and there seemed little doubt that it was doomed—why, his captors and jailors would be glad to get perished in the fire. The thought fired him to action, and put new life into him, and he began to bestir his body. He scrambled to his feet, troubled lest somebody might see him, and return him to custody. But he did not know that he was accounted insane by his jailors, or he would have known what steps to take.

He had no plan in his head, which was uncovered to the chill night breeze; but he determined to make his way to the wharf. As he had escaped from the fire, which was spreading at a fearful rate—and no one would be likely to look for him there, he thought which had held him so long. He saw now, that the prison-house had been situated very near the wharf. That explained how he had been conveyed thither so easily; it was so near the water that a vessel arriving in port, that he was easily disposed of. Heaven only knew how many other unfortunate creatures had been thus put out of the way—and of the light of day, losing their lives perhaps, in that old house which was doomed to the flames.

He must get away from the vicinity before he should be missed and perchance pursued by those who had thought the people had kept him a prisoner so long—why, he had forgotten the date—the day, ave, the month itself. And if he had been kept a prisoner for that, as to cause his lengthy imprisonment for a long time, would they not endeavor to get him back into their clutches again. And he never once thought that "Cap" Luttrell had had anything to do with it—was in reality the under the crime acting under directions from his brother fiend, Gilbert Luttrell, and directed upon Captain Morris at last; and he raged with inward wrath, and it would have gone hard with Gilbert Luttrell if he could have met him face to face with the old man they had so bitterly wronged.

He knew that it was expedient for him to get away from the vicinity as soon as possible, so he started in the direction of the foot hills away from the great and wicked city. Of course, he had no means of procuring food, but he was used to depend upon fellow men for could beg on the way; but he was determined to put as much distance as possible, between him and the fire.

He walked all the rest of the night, depending on his knowledge of the country. When morning dawned, he was a long way on his journey, though exactly where he was going he did not know, but was determined to "move out of" that city which he had come to look upon as a place of doom.

He day dawned he stopped at a neat looking cottage and asked for something to eat. He was given food, for which he was thankful. Then, with a luncheon done up in wrapping paper, in the pocket of his coat, he started on once more, this time being directed toward the foot hills, where he hoped to find work, and earn enough money to enough to carry him back to his home.

All day long he walked, the way leading him through the mountains, and the evening day found him out in an arid desert of sagebrush and alkali, a treeless, sunburned plain, with no trace of a human being, and no water within many miles; a veritable "valley of death"—with human misery stretched out afar.

A ghastly prospect.

Another installment of this very interesting story will appear in next week's Ledger. Readers who desire to subscribe are offered numerous and patterns free as stated on pages thirteen and fifteen.

• •

Our Peculiar Language.

Hook—I'm satisfied that I have just been cheated out of a dollar.

Nye—That's a funny thing to find satisfaction in.

• •

No Difference to Him.

"Herbert, dear, where shall we go on our wedding journey?"

"Wherever you please, darling. Have you got any—er—relations in Milwaukee?"

Cancer

A Celebrated Ohio Physician's Marvelous Discovery--How to Cure the Dreaded Cancer in Your Own Home Mailed Free.

This treatment has completely cured hundreds of cases so desperate that noted surgeons refused to operate, declaring them fatal and hopeless.

Mr. Geo. W. Yost, an old and prominent citizen of Easton, Ills., says: "Your home treatment cured me without pain in 12 days of a cancer of 20 years standing."

James McMullen, a leading G. A. R. and old resident of Lebanon, Ohio, says: "I suffered for years with cancer of the lip. In 16 days your remedy cured me with hardly a sign of a scar left."

Mrs. J. Woodrow, of 11 Love Road, Crewkerne, England, says: "Your remedy cured me of cancer of the breast in 12 days."

Send name and address if you are a sufferer or if you know of any one who is, and we will send all necessary information and hundreds of convincing testimonials absolutely free. Address The Cancer Cure Co., Box 678, Lebanon, Ohio. Don't fail to write to-day.

YOUNG WIDOW cures all her own home and bedroom troubles, would assist husband in business. Would marry. Address Mrs. ANNA M. ——, Box 1, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MARRY Lady of Means wishes to marry, Gentleman of Means. Address Miss I. Herbert, Publishers 1st Floor, 79, JEWEL, 4, 16 Bremont St., Chicago

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MAGIC DIP NEEDLE Will Locate Gold, Silver, Coal, Oil, Water, Minerals, Buried Treasure, Etc. Sent Anywhere, Postpaid, for $1.00. Address MAGIC DIP NEEDLE CO., Box 678, Lebanon, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

PILES Instant relief, final cure in a few days. Never returns. Painless. No operation. Remedy mailed free. Address O. J. MASON, 1000 Masonic Temple, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

10,000 Are Very Anxious to **GET MARRIED** Many Rich. Big lists free. Mention what interests you. Address The PILOT, 285 Nassau Ave., CHICAGO, Dept. L

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

916 CARDS Name on 25 Cents. Agents Sample Book, 2c. Stamp. All for 2 Cents. CROWN CARD CO., 2628, Columbus, Ohio.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SKIRT DANCING NECKTIE PIN.

This new novelty is a very pretty pin, representing a skirt dancer. It is only necessary to wind the spring and she will dance for you. Sells like wildfire. Keeping exact time to show or fast music to suit the taste of the wearer. Price 25 cents, postpaid, or 3 for 50 cents. Send stamps for catalogue. If you are looking for a money maker, write us at once. Address

NO. PACIFIC SUPPLY CO., Seattle, Wash

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MEN AND WOMEN

CURE YOURSELF!

Big **G** is a nonpoisonous remedy for Gonorrhœa, Gleet, Spermatorrhœa, Whites, unnatural discharges, or any inflammation, irritation or ulcerations of mucous membranes. Non-astringent.

SOLD BY DRUGGISTS

or sent in plain wrapper, by express, prepaid, for $1.00, or 3 bottles, $2.75. Circular sent on request.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BARGAIN DAY

100,000 Old Subscribers pay 20c. per year. New Subscribers 50c. per year until the 1st of January 1903. Then for 10c. extra we will send you Weekly Ledger for 1902 and 1903. Address CHICAGO LEDGER, 79 Jewel St., Chicago. No samples. Clean high class advertising. No premiums. No cheap John Fiction to pollute the home. Nine pages of news. Highest grade of fiction and illustrations. Up-to-date features and departments. Circulation 100,000 or better $1.00 per annum. Only 50,000 accepted at the rate this year. Only 100,000 at any rate. Send 10 cents silver or stamps for year your only. Address today

WORLD'S WORK AND LEDGER

60 PER CENT OFF TODAY

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

WETO GRAPH

The Great Secret Writing System

FOR LOVERS AND OTHERS.

Every lover and everyone who writes letters should have a Weto Graph. It is the greatest secret writing for correspondence, etc. If you have a Weto Graph you can write to your friends on a postal card and no one will know what you write. Lots of fun to have a Weto Graph. Don't miss it. Send 10 cents and we will send the Weto Graph by mail with full instructions. Address,

THE CHRISTIAN CO., PARNASSUS, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A Trial Treatment

Offered Every Afflicted Man.

THE PARIS MEDICATED CRAYON.

PLEASANT, SOOTHING AND HEALING.

The New Scientific Method for the Cure of Vital Weakness, Impotency, Stricture, Gleet, Catarrhal or Mucous Discharges, Irritating and Enlarged Prostate Gland, Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Disorders. Common sense tells us that a remedy applied directly to the seat of any disease must give the best results.

WRITE yourself that the Crayon will do all we claim for them. Complicated cases, which have baffled all other treatments, are now being cured by this scientific treatment. We will also send our book, fully illustrated with forty engravings, giving valuable information and advice. No "Private Prescription," "Deposit" or "C. O. D." scheme. We send all mail cases by mail in plain, sealed boxes, prepaid. REFERENCE: Head bankers and leading business men of Coldwater, Ohio.

DR. STEVENS & CO.,

Box 6, COLDWATER, OHIO

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS AND GIRLS CORNER

THE YOUNG INVINCIBLES;
Or,
THE BOY PATRIOTS OF '61.

By J. M. MERRILL, Author of "From Forge to Fortune," Etc.

Begun in No. 12, March 22. Subscriptions can begin with that issue, or back copies can be procured from news stands, or our agents, or by mail from office of publication.

CHAPTER V.

THE SUDDEN SOCIETY IN FLIGHT.

"Will you come in, ma'am?"

It was a woman who spoke when Mrs Cutter came to the door in answer to a halloo from one of the occupants of the buggy.

What do you wish with him?" asked the mother, an apprehensive feeling at heart when she saw with the constable the tough old shingle-weaver of Silver creek.

"I wish to speak with him a moment is all."

"And, madam," put in the other man, "I'd like to ask if you've seen my Susan about anywhere. She run away from home last night, and I am alarmed about her."

"Indeed, neighbor Goldrod," said the woman quickly, glad to have the attention of her visitors turned away from her son. "I will call Susan."

At this moment the girl appeared from a near room, and came and stood in the door beside Mrs. Cutter. She was quite to be seen that the child was doubtful of her reception, and a little timid in the presence of the grim-faced man in the buggy. A smile on the face of her father served to reassure her in a measure, and when he asked her in a pleasant voice to come to him, she obeyed, and stood beside the buggy while her parent chided her for leaving home.

"Your action has about scart my ma into fits," declared the hard visaged old shingle-weaver. "You'll come home now, won't you, dear?"

There was a sickish wheedling in the old man's voice that Mrs. Cutter felt boded no good to the child, but it was not for her to interfere between parent and child, and Sue was really very much at fault in running away as she did.

Goldrod got out of the buggy, said a few words to the constable in an undertone, then turned away, leading his little daughter by the hand.

Staples still sat in his seat and used his whip to cut leaves from a honeysuckle vine that trailed along the corner of the narrow porch. He was working his arm rapidly on the quill of a bow when he'd just taken into his mouth.

Mrs. Cutter still stood in the doorway, her eye following the movements of the man who was leading Sue down the road homeward. She had more than one inclination of going to help out the constable in whatever disagreeable duty he may have undertaken to perform.

Wal, Mrs. Cutter, ain't you goin' to fetch out the boy?" he faintly asked in a jerky tone of command.

If you will be kind enough to tell me why I should," Robert said she with commendable calmness.

I want him, that's all, madam."

The constable spoke with blunt rudeness at last.

After a momentary hesitancy the mother retired within and was soon heard calling the name of her son at the foot of the stairs which led to the second chamber of the little house.

Presently the woman returned to the door with the announcement that her son did not seem to be in the house. An angry look swept the face of the town representative of the law.

"Now, woman, this won't do!" exclaimed the constable. "I came after that boy of yours and I'm going to have him if I have to tear down your shanty to get him. I think you can understand that."

"You are very rude."

"Rude! Good thunder, madam, haven't I had enough to make a boor out of—ahem! This is often that I am put upon in this way you have put upon me. Don't ye know it's dangerous to resist an officer; that's what you're doing when you seek to screen that reprobate son of yours in his wrong doing."

Constable Staples sprang to the ground, snapped a strap in the bite of his horse and secured him to the porch corner, after which he strode to the door. Mrs. Cutter's heart was in a flutter of alarm. What had Bob been doing to call for this visit of the town constable? Her excited brain pictured something far more terrible than the simple act of enticing little Sue from her home on the previous night. The noncommittal manner of the officer served to keep the poor woman still more in suspense, and aside when he came to the door, and permitted him to enter the house.

"Will you permit me to search, madam," he asked tartly.

She nodded assent, a strict re me of the threat preventing speech.

Sally Porter Staples went through the house from cellar to roof-tree. He succeeded in arousing the sleeping Eunice and causing her great alarm, but found not what he sought. He halted at length, after having made the round of the house, and faced Mrs. Cutter with a scowling face.

"What have you done with him, Mrs. Cutter?" he demanded domineringly.

"Nothing."

"This won't do, madam. You are screening your son from justice. I'll put him into my head to arrest you if you keep up this deffance."

"I have told you the truth, Mr. Staples," said the war widow, with less frustration than at first blush. "I supposed that Robert went upstairs. I haven't seen him since last night when he retired to rest. If you will be kind enough to tell me what you want of him I will try and see that he comes to Woodburg and gives himself up."

"You'd be likely to that!" with an ill concealed sneer. "I don't mind tellin' you, however, that that scamp of yours is wanted for assaulting an inoffensive old man, and assisting his daughter. I refer to Mr. Benover Goldrod of Silver creek, one of your most respected citizens."

"Oh," breathed the woman relievedly, "I'll see that Robert answers to that charge if you really have a warrant for him, but it seems to me an unnecessary cruelty to take me away with a bloody escapade.

"Both of you'll be likely to knock an old man down with a club, right on his own premises, too! I don't think he'll find it so. But I'll leave it for you to say what the officer appears Saturday for trial."

And the Mr. Staples, who greatly magnified his office, strode to his buggy, unhitched his horse and drove away. Mrs. Cutter breathed easier after his departure.

"It is the persecution of that man Goldrod," she thought. He had ever been at odds with most of the people in the community neighbor, and no doubt was small-souled enough to seek to annoy the family of the union soldier while he was at the front risking his life in defense of the old flag.

Meantime what of the boy in question, our masterful young knight of the nineteenth century?

Bob had overheard much of the conversation relating to himself, and feeling innocent of the least blame, he came from his hiding place to go down and face the officer and his accuser, the old shingle-maker from Silver creek. With his foot on the upper step the boy halted suddenly.

He remembered the events of the previous day, and of his desire to do something toward winning the reward offered by the provost marshal for the capture of Jake Goldrod.

"No, declared Bob, "I can't afford to let myself be taken to town, and like enough shut up in jail just to please that mean old trader of Silver creek."

Bob walked back into the chamber and began debating swiftly what he ought to do. To escape the clutches of the constable was his one determination now.

He went to the rear end of the room, where some boards but partially covered an old window opening. It was but the work of a moment for the lad to tear a board loose. He quickly slid through the aperture thus made. Even while he hung suspended he heard the constable tramping up the attic stairs. Unhesitatingly Bob dropped to the ground and darted swiftly away toward the shelter of the nearby woods.

CHAPTER VI.

"CAPTAIN BOB.

Bob made his way to the woods without difficulty. Once here he felt safe for a time at least. Not having had his breakfast ere he rabbed that he could do but little until the wants of his physical system were gratified.

He remembered that he had once, only a few days before, left a substantial package of food in an old sugar house about half a mile from the home dwelling. Bob had started on a fishing excursion on the occasion referred to, and having changed his plans had, as has been said, left his lunch in the sugar house.

The morning was balmy, the trees glistening with morning dew, while the birds and squirrels held high revel among the upper branches of the majestic forest trees. Bob felt his spirits rise as he progressed.

He would have been perfectly happy but for the little cloud which shadowed the events of the past four-and-twenty hours. He felt quite sure of his own good intentions, however, and being of a cheerful disposition, he refused to permit himself to feel in the least cast down.

Arrived at the sugar house, Bob made quick search for the package of food, which, to his great joy, he found intact save for the slight assault made by some ants on one edge of the buttered bread.

"A breakfast fit for a king," laughingly commented the boy as he seated himself on an old keg box and proceeded to discuss the meal of his forest meal. While thus engaged he was suddenly made aware of the approach of some one by the sound of crisp leaves through the dead leaves that carpeted the ground for rods ar und the little cigar shanty.

Bob started up with a feeling of apprehension.

Before he could make a move to secrete himself, however, a human form appeared in the doorway, grasping in its hands a long-barreled rifle.

"Uh! What, Little Bob here?"

Bob uttered a relieved ejaculation as he recognized the face and form of an old friend —Indian Pete, a stalwart old man of the Ottawa tribe, whose home was three miles below Hemlock Run, on the Big Muskegon river.

Indian Pete was a great hunter, as well as a pilot on the river for the raftsmen with whom he was on the most friendly terms.

"I am glad to see you, Pete," said Bob. "Won't you sit up and give me company at grub?"

Indian Pete grimacingly declined the boy's offer, and questioned him as to why he was taking a cold breakfast in the woods.

"There's more than one reason for my doing it," returned Bob. "The main reason being that I didn't want to go to Woodburg with the constable."

Pete entered the sugar house, leaned his long rifle against the arch on which an old and rusting sap pan still rested, and seating himself on an upturned water bucket. Folding his long arms about his knees he glanced curi-

Do you want a watch that runs and keeps good time? Our watch has a **Gold** laid case, handsome dial, dust proof, adjusted to position, patent escapement and highly finished. This is a remarkable watch, in fact, we guarantee it will run and it should wear and give satisfaction for 20 years. It has the appearance of a **Solid Gold** one. The movement is an **American Style**, expansion balance, quick train, and you can rely upon it that when you own one of these truly handsome watches you will always have the correct time in your possession. Just the watch for railroad men, or those who need a very close timer. Do you want a watch of this character? If so, now is your opportunity to secure one. *We Give a Beautiful Watch* as a premium to anyone for selling 18 pieces of our handsome jewelry for 10 cents each, consisting of Handsome Ring, Ear Drops, Watch Chain and Charm, Handsome Scarf or Stick Pin, Ladies' Brooch or Lace Pin, Locket, etc., etc. Simply send your name and address and we will send you the 18 pieces of jewelry postpaid. Your credit is good with us. When sold, send us the $1.80, and we will send you the handsome **Gold** laid watch. We trust you and will take back all you cannot sell. We propose to give away these watches simply to advertise our business. No catch-words in this advertisement. We mean just what we say. You require no capital while working for us. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Start in business for yourself at once. Address

SAFE DEPOSIT WATCH CO., Dept. L New York City.

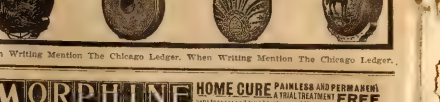
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MORPHINE HOME CURE PAINLESS AND PERMANENT A TRIAL TREATMENT FREE

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

SPECIAL 60-DAY OFFER To Introduce Our Latest Large, Powerful Achromatic Telescope, The Excelsior.

FACE TO FACE WITH THE MAN IN THE MOON!



NEEDED ON FARM, SEA OR RANCH.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ICURE FITS

When I say I cure I do not mean merely to stop them for a time and then have them return again. I mean a radical cure. I have made the disease of FITS, EPILEPSY or FALLING SICKNESS a life-long study. I warrant my remedy to cure the worst cases. Because others have failed is no reason for not now receiving a cure. Send at once for a treatise and a Free Bottle of my infallible remedy. Give Express and Post Office.

Prof. W. H. PEEKE, F.D., 4 Cedar St., N.Y.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ESTABLISHED SEVENTEEN YEARS.

Any Young Man or Woman Can Earn a **BICYCLE FREE**

without Interfering with present occupation, by selling and writing our **ROSE GRADE** One Year for 10 Cents.

1902 **"OAKWOOD" and "ARLINGTON"**

In addition to **$75.00 IN GOLD** we will give

$1,000.00 IN GOLD

to those making the LARGEST SALES in April, May and June.

No catalogues or circulars to distribute

BICYCLES FROM $18.50 UPWARDS.

All new prices; no second-hand wheels; no shop-worn; no sundries; our highest prices; just one, no advertising; greatest frame manufacturing plant in the world; 1902 Tires, Hartford saddle, adjustable handle bars; Everything guaranteed first class; only $18.50. Factory to rider at wholesale. Write for our 1902 catalogue when you receive it. Write for particulars concerning FREE BICYCLE and CASH PAYMENT OF $1,000.00. Address CASH SUPPLY UNION, DEPT. D-23, CHICAGO, ILLS.

REFERENCE: First National Bank, Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

The Young Invincibles.

(Continued.)

natty over at the boy munching biscuit opposite.

"Tell Pete all about it, Little Bob."

"I know I can trust you, Pete."

"If Little Bob afraid let him not tell."

Bob understood the sensitiveness of the Indian nature, and the nature of Indian Pete in particular. Well, knowing his friendly regard for his parents, Bob Cutter hesitated but for a single moment ere he made a full confidant of the noble old Indian. The latter listened with profound attention to every word that fell from the lips of his boy friend.

Bob told everything, even about the deserters, and of Major Grimbold's sentement that the woods were full of deserters and draft dodgers. When the boy spoke of the reward offered for the apprehension of some of the deserters, the face of the old Indian showed with a great and glowing light.

"Good!" exclaimed the redman. "Pete know his friend."

"Do you know where some of these men wanted at the front are, Pete?"

"Pete he know where Hank Mitchell and Sam Lippert's goin' tee be soon, bymeby."

Bob was more interested. The two names mentioned were on the list of draft-evaders given him by the provost marshal. Moreover, the boy knew the two men quite well. Both had bad reputations on the river. They were what was known as "fighting men," and ordinary men did not care to "have any truck" with them. Bob questioned the Indian further.

"My wife he give dance nex' week. Two

He came upon the older Indian.

squaws come which white men like a heap. The big white lie here once more."

"The dance is at your house, Peter?"

"So Stell you."

"When night?"

"Nex' week, a-Tuesd'y."

"And you are sure these two men will be there?"

"Yes, Pete sure."

Bob talked for some time with the Ottawa, gleaning from his the fact that several of the draft dodgers made it a point to call on the Indian when he came to the Dam settlement when in want of food and other necessaries.

Indian Pete agreed to aid Bob and his friends in every way in his power to capture the men they were wanted by the government. When, at the end of an hour, Indian Pete left the sugar camp, it had been arranged between boy and redman to make common cause against the four fugitives.

Late that noon Bob returned to the vicinity of the house.

He lingered for a time in the gulley near the river. When at length he saw his mother approaching, with a pail after water, the lad revealed himself and inquired if it was safe for his to return home.

"So you heard the constable did you, and escaped the back way, Bob?" said the fond mother, dropping her pail and giving her boy a fond hug with her motherly arms.

"Yes, that's what I did," said the boy.

"Didn't you know that it would be impossible for you to hood keep out of the hands of the officer of the law? I am so sorry that you have done anything to give the constable cause to arrest you, to disturb the peace—"

"Now, mother, did I do wrong to help little Sue away from that ugly man who was mean enough to lock her up in that pudgy old shingle shanty, and leave her there long into the dark night? I call that treatment perfectly awful."

"But you must not forget that it was her father who locked her up—"

"That doesn't make it any more right does it?"

"Some people would think so at least. But it isn't for your interfering in behalf of Susan that has sent the constable after you, my son."

"What then?"

"It is for assaulting Mr. Goldrod."

"Who assaulted him I'd like to know?"

"Constable Staples says you did; that you knocked the old man down with a club—"

"Oh, the liar!" exclaimed Bob at a white heat. "I never touched the old curmudgeon, but he stattered me against a tree, and knocked the breath out of me. So he tells that lie does he? Sue knows better than that, mother."

"Then it is not true about your assaulting Mr. Goldrod?"

"Not a word of it true."

"I am glad to hear you say that, my son," and the relieved ring in the mother's voice attested the truth of her words. "Come home now Robert, and if the constable comes again, go with him, they can do nothing much with you if it is as you say."

"You believe me, don't you, mother?"

"Certainly I do, my boy."

Bob took the pail from his mother's hand and filled it at the spring, returning with her to the house. As the day passed and night came on again with no sign of the constable's return, both boy and mother breathed easier. Doubtless the coming of the constable was more of a threat to frighten Bob than aught else. If this should prove to be the case it was not likely that Staples would again put in an appearance at the war widow's home.

On the following day, in the afternoon, a dozen boys came together in the old sugar house in the Cutter woods. These boys were all sons, or at least relatives of soldiers at the front, and each was animated with a common desire for country, a keen desire to do for that country any service in his power.

"The Union Jacks seem to be all here," said Bob, who, though not the oldest boy present, yet seemed to be the acknowledged leader. "All here but Jack Coats," said Dick Strong, "and he had to stop home because his mother is sick."

"Jack is excused," said Bob. "Our business today is to elect a captain. I suppose you all understand this, and are prepared to vote?"

"We all want Bob Cutter for captain," said Bud Evans.

"Yes, Bob's our choice."

"Hurrah for Bob Cutter-o!"

"Captain Bob Cutter!" roared several voices.

And Captain Bob it was, despite the chosen one's modest disclaimer of any wish for the place. While at the height of a good natured argument over choosing a second in command, Captain Bob, who happened to glance toward the door, gave a sudden gasp of astonishment.

Directly in the doorway, with a sardonic grin on his face, stood that man of all others whom Bob wished least to see, Constable Por-

About the first thing the doctor says—How are your bowels?

Then, "Let's see your tongue."

Because bad tongue and bad bowels go together. Regulate the bowels, clean up the tongue. We all know that this is the way to keep well.

You can't keep the bowels healthy and regular with purges or bird-shot pills. They move you with awful gripes, then you're worse than ever.

Now what you want is Cascarets.

Go and get them today—Cascarets—in metal box—cost 10c. Eat them like candy, and they will work gently—while you sleep. They cure, that means they strengthen the muscular walls of the bowels, give them new life. Then they act regularly and naturally. That's what you want. Cure guaranteed. Be sure you get Cascarets. Sample and booklet free. Address

Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago or New York. 490

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

AN EXTRAORDINARY BARGAIN

Jewelers charge $10.00 to $15.00 for gold filled watches that look no better and wear no longer than ours. Our watches are guaranteed 20 years, have diamond cut, fancy beveled warder, stem wind and stem set, and are handsomely engraved. ADJUSTED CHAIN FREE. With fully 7 inch watch worn of from a handful of rich imitation chain, and with each size watch a guarantee filled out and given. SEND NO MONEY. Simply send us your name and address and we will send the WATCH AND CHAIN to you by express. You examine them at your express office and if as represented pay express agent our special price $2.98 and charges and they are yours. Mention size wanted. LADIES' OR GENTS'. Address 20 YEAR WATCH CO., 1 Adams St., Dept. 1, Chicago, Ill.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

OUR MAGNANIMOUS OFFER

WE WILL POSITIVELY GIVE THIS ELEGANT

$65.00 Style Sewing Machine

FREE to any person who will accept our offer and not only fit ourselves of the $65.00 machine, but also $50.00 in cash. THIS IS NOT A LOTTERY. IT IS BRIGHT, HIGH ARM, LIGHT RUNNING, LOCK STITCH, DROP FEED, ALL THE LATEST IMPROVEMENTS, BEAUTIFULLY DECORATED, SIMPLE, DURABLE AND ABSOLUTELY GUARANTEED FOR TWENTY YEARS. Every machine is fully warranted. Sent to your home at once, also $50.00 dollars and receive other valuable premiums. We pay all express and freight charges. YOU DO NOT PAY ONE CENT. Write us at once for particulars. Address

WEST INDIA IMPORTING CO., Dept. F, 442 Washington St., New York.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BE A HYPNOTIST AND MAKE FUN AND MONEY

Would you like to exert a strange and magic power over others? Do you desire to gain more self-confidence, more will power, and both fun and money? If so you should become a Hypnotist. You can now master this wonderful, mysterious and fascinating science free of all cost at your own home. By a few words you can learn all about the secrets, methods, uses and wonders of the hypnotic trance. You can surprise and mystify all your friends by simply saying any one word under the control of your will, and compel them to see, think, feel, and act precisely as you suggest. You can banish pain, overcome bad habits, cure disease, do astounding feats, and create fun and amusement for hours at a time. You can do a thousand amazing things that other people cannot do, and make yourself famous in a week's time. If you want to make money, you can do so by giving entertainment, curing disease, or teaching the art to others. These are three sure and easy ways to win success. Why be poor and obscure when you can so easily attain fame and fortune? Why be unfortunate in love when you can control the affections of the one you love? Why be sick when it costs nothing to find out all about Professor Harraden, the world-renowned Hypnotist, has issued a large and complete MANUAL OF HYPNOTISM, entitled, "A Key to the Mysteries of Hypnotism," and anybody can get a copy of it without one cent of cost, merely for the asking. Simply send for it by letter or postal, and it will be sent to you, all charges prepaid by return mail. It is the most beautiful, interesting and valuable book ever published. It contains hundreds of beautiful pictures and is a marvel of elegance and splendor. The secret system of Self-Hypnotism is also explained in full, so that you can use it on yourself

The Young Invincibles.

(Continued.)

ter Staples!

CHAPTER VII.

OUTWITTING AN OFFICER.

The sardonic grin on the face of the constable deepened when he saw that he had attracted the notice of Captain Bob.

Having waited a sufficient length of time for his purpose, Constable Staples strode into the room and laid his hand on the shoulder of the way widow's son.

"I have a warrant for you, my boy. You won't sneak off this time as you did yesterday. Come on now and no foolin'."

Great was the astonishment of the other boys when they saw their newly elected captain led away in the hands of an officer. Dick was the first to speak, after the officer and his prisoner had left the sugar house.

"Well, of all things, if that ain't cool I don't know what you'd call it. And Bob went along without a word. Now what do you s'pose he's mabbed our captain for anyhow? Bob ain't no criminal, I know that."

"And he's our captain, too."

"Say, lads, it's a trick of the enemy," exclaimed chubby Bud Evans. "I saw Staples talkin' with old Goldrod last night, and this is what it was about. Bob helped Sue out of a lickin', and her dad's got the constable to arrest him. I say, boys—Invincibles—let's rescue our captain!"

A cry of approval went up at this suggestion, and the Union Invincibles filed out of the door, and trailed off in the footsteps of their captain's captor.

Meantime Officer Staples proceeded on his way, leading his captive by no means gently along, never once suspecting there would be any forcible resistance offered to his somewhat highhanded proceeding.

Bob remembered the advice of his good mother and so offered not even a word of remonstrance at the outset. As they walked along through the woods, however, and the boy had time to think, his blood began to rise, and thoughts of resistance manifested themselves in his dragging step and final halting.

"Come along with you, you young rascal," ordered the constable harshly at the same time giving the arm of his captive a vicious jerk.

Bob glanced out of the tail of his eye and caught sight of moving forms in the distance. His friends were following at a respectful distance it seemed. Bob realized that he should have help the moment he manifested a desire to help himself.

"See here, Mr. Staples, how do I know you have a warrant for me? I haven't seen it. I shan't go another step till you produce the warrant."

"Won't you though? We'll see about that, my boy."

"I don't believe you have any warrant," protested Bob, still hanging back. "I'll not go on till you produce the proper paper." Thus speaking the boy braced himself and resisted the efforts of his captor to drag him along.

"Come on, I tell you, Bob Cutter."

"Not till you produce your authority."

"Aren't you coming?"

"Not a step further till you prove your right to arrest me."

"You think you're smart," growled the officer, dropping his hand from the arm of Bob. "Well, if you must see my authority, here it is," and Staples drew a folded paper from his pocket.

"Read it."

Opening the paper, the officer began to read. Only a few words escaped his lips, then his jaw dropped and he looked sheepish.

"That's no warrant, man," cried Bob elated-ly, taking a step backward.

"This ain't, but I've got it here all right," and Staples began fumbling in his pockets for the desired article, while Bob kept backing off. "Hold up, don't you go—"

"Can't stop another minute, Mr. Staples. You haven't got a paper that calls for me, and I don't ever take a bluff."

With that Bob whirled and ran.

"Halt there, halt I say, or I'll shoot!" called the constable in a loud voice.

"Come on, Bob, he dassent shoot, blame his old skin!" yelled Dick, who was running to the assistance of his captain. But the boys reckoned lamely when they counted on Officer Staples' timidity about using firearms. He drew a pistol and fired twice after the fleeing boy. Neither shot took effect, however, and when the constable dashed in hot pursuit of Captain Bob, the invincibles closed in behind him and barred the way to Staples continued pursuit.

"Boys, d'ye know that you're interferin' with an officer in the discharge of his duty?" demanded Staples, facing the crowd of boys with a red and angry countenance. "If you don't help me get hold of that young lawbreaker I'll put every one of you under arrest. Don't laugh, for I mean what I say."

"Say, Porter, go soak your head."

Dick was becoming really saucy, not to say impudent.

The chronicler of these events does not desire to upholdthe lieutenant of the Union Invincibles in his rude defiance of the lawful representative of authority at Hemlock Run, but it must not be lost sight of that the boys were justly indignant at the arrest of their friend, whose life had ever been above reproach. The arrogant manners of the officer had much to do with the antagonistic feeling on the part of the boys as well.

Staples moved forward, after a brief parley, waving his pistol. The boys parted and permitted him to go on, believing his late adversary had by this time got beyond his reach.

In this latter surmise they were correct. When Staples passed through the line of boys and glanced keenly about, the one whom he sought was nowhere to be seen. A chuckle of satisfaction fell from the lips of several of the boy patriots.

"Might's well throw up the sponge, old man," said Dick in a tantalizing tone of voice; "you won't catch him this trip."

Without noticing this speech the officer moved forward and began a search for his

It is established by the testimony of thousands of women, that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes Weak Women Strong and Sick Women Well.

Science is the foe of sickness. It is fighting sickness in all its forms and conquering it. Wherever there is a widely prevalent disease of special malignity science enters the field against it. It was the prevalence of womanly diseases which led Dr. Pierce to investigate the cause of ailments peculiar to women, and to seek a means of cure which might be put within the reach of every woman in the land. The result of Dr. Pierce's scientific studies and experiments was the production of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription; a medicine with a record of cures of womanly ills which is without a parallel in the history of medical science. The fact of these cures is attested by hundreds of thousands of women. The permanence of the cures is proven by grateful women who after a lapse of years write in such terms as these: "It is now several years since I used Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. I have had no return of my trouble. I am a healthy, happy woman, thanks to Dr. Pierce and his medicines." There are people who say that such cures are imaginary. The women who are cured don't think so. They know there was nothing imaginary about the backache, weakness and nervousness from which they suffered. They know that there was nothing imaginary about the scales which told constantly of a loss of flesh, nothing imaginary about the mirror which showed the hollowed cheek and dulled eyes. Above all they know that there was nothing imaginary about the bills they paid for medicines and doctors without receiving any benefit.

There is also nothing imaginary to them about the result of the use of "Favorite Prescription." No more pain, no more backache or headache. No more nervousness and sleeplessness. That's not imaginary. And there's one solid fact which there is no getting away from because it is written in solid flesh and can be weighed in ounces and pounds, and that is the gain of lost flesh which so commonly follows the use of "Favorite Prescription," together with the restoration of a clear complexion and a healthy color.

"I had female trouble for eight years," writes Mrs. L. J. Dennis, of 828 East College Street, Jacksonville, Ills. "Words cannot express what I suffered. *I sought relief among the medical profession and found none.* Friends urged me to try Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. When I commenced taking this medicine I weighed ninety-five pounds. Now I weigh one hundred and fifty-six pounds—more than I ever weighed before. I was so bad I would lie from day to day and long for death to come and relieve my suffering. I had internal inflammation, a disagreeable drain, bearing-down pain, and such distress every month but now I never have a pain—do all my own washing, and am a strong and healthy woman."

"In the spring of 1900 I became very ill," writes Mrs. Alviena Scholtz, of Lake Washington, LeSueur Co., Minn. "my back was very weak and ached so that I could do no work at all, so I was obliged to take to my bed. I wrote to Dr. Pierce and he sent me a very kind letter and advised me to take his 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I took six bottles of each and am a well woman now. I cannot say enough in favor of Dr. Pierce's medicines."

"I wrote to you for advice, February 4th, 1896," writes Mrs. Loma Halstead, of Claremore, Cherokee Nation, Indian Territory. "I was racking with pain from the back of my head down to my heels. Had hemorrhages for weeks at a time, and was unable to sit up for ten minutes at a time. You answered my letter, advised me to use your valuable medicines, viz: Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and 'Pleasant Pellets,' also gave advice about injections, bath and diet. To my surprise, in four months from the time I began your treatment I was a well woman and have not had the backache since, and now I put in sixteen hours a day at hard work."

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription is a scientific remedy for the cure of womanly ills. It restores regularity and dries the drains which weaken women. It heals inflammation and ulceration and cures female weakness. It is invaluable as a tonic for weak, worn-out, run-down women, restoring them to perfect health and strength.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, *free*. All letters are held as strictly private and sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

A FREE OFFER! *Any woman who will send stamps, to pay expense of mailing ONLY, will receive a copy of Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser FREE. This great and valuable medical work contains more than 1000 large pages and over 700 illustrations. Send 31 one-cent stamps (expense of mailing ONLY) for the cloth-bound volume, or only 21 stamps for the book in paper covers.*

Address: **Dr. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.**

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago

Young Invincibles.

(Continued.)

...ner. It is unnecessary to state ...ed of the purpose. After an hour ...vigorous search of the neighbor...able Staples came down the forest ...ppy and disappointed man. He ...mpletely outwitted by the boys of ...n, and his chagrin over this fact ...ing indescribable.

...t every mother's son of them young ...eclared Staples as he strode down ... where he parted from the Union. ...To his chagrin no one was here ...is vengeance.

...e the last midget of 'em!" he ...grily. "Well, it's a long road that ...t can tell 'em that. Hello! what's ...

...was caused at sight of a shingle ...he trunk of a tree with a wooden ...e product of a jack knife. ...Staples stepped up to the tree and ...w pencilled words on the shingle. ...ever get left, Mr. Staples? Oh, my!

...s rage boiled over once more. He ...ly around, hoping and half ex...e some one whom to vent his ...He could see accommodating enough ...self as a sacrifice on the altar of ...and discomfitted officer's passions, ...mself he sorry for this," muttered ...he slowly wended his way back to ...nt.

...the man's disappearance, the In...gain collected, and proceeded to the ...ir unfinished business, being care...r, to establish guards at a conven...e.

...ustment of this very interesting ...pear in next week's Ledger. Read...to subscribe are offered specimen ...free and stated on pages thirteen

Queer Fishing.

...writer tells this story: "While ...r the banks of the Wiske, ac...two fox terriers. I observed ...ke basking in a shallow pool. At the same moment a young cart horse which had got the wrong side of the stream attracted my notice. It occurred to me if the beast would only jump on the top of the fish I might secure them while stunned by the shock. Accordingly, helped by the dogs, I drove the horse to the bank, cracked the dog whip I carried, and the animal jumped, eager to return to its own field. When the mud cleared off the stream two large pike floated to the surface stunned. They were out of reach, but I called the dogs' attention to them and one of them plunged in and retrieved a four-pound pike, getting well bitten in the process as the fish revived. The other pike recovered and swam away before the dog could reach it."

Mrs. Wedderly—I wonder why it is that single men are always the most anxious to go to war?

Mr. Wedderly—I suppose it's because they don't know what war really is.

Real Patterns Free---An Unparalleled Offer.

...ns shown below are furnished us by one of the best, if not the best, pattern manufacturers in New York. ...the very latest styles, and are unequalled for accuracy in fit, simplicity in use, and are most economical of ...ost. Send us from the number of the Pattern wanted—second, do not fail to give ...ure, and measure if skirt is desired. Unless you do we have stated we will not know what to send. ...ed, at all to entice money. PATTERN DEPT., CHICAGO LEDGER, CHICAGO, ILL.

4067 FANCY WAIST 32 - 40 WAIST
4059 WOMAN'S WRAPPER 32-40 BUST.
4048 FANCY BLOUSE 32 TO 40 BUST.
GORED FLAR, 24 WAIST.
4056 SHIRT WAIST. 32 - 40 BUST
4071 ETON JACKET 32-42 BUST
FIVE-GORED WALK- 22-24 WAIST,
4061 HOUSE JACKET 32-40 BUST
4031 SHIRT WAIST 32 TO 40 BUST.
ASSES' SHIRT WAIST YEARS.

FREE HELP FOR WEAK MEN.

"CALTHOS"

Prof. Laborde's Marvelous French Cure for Lost Manhood.

FIVE DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT

Sent Absolutely Free By Sealed Mail, TO ALL SUFFERERS.

NO C. O. D. OR PRESCRIPTION SCHEME.

The only preparation known to science which really cures Lost Manhood is "CALTHOS," the marvelous French remedy discovered by Prof. Jules Laborde. It is compounded in this country by The Von Mohl Company, of Cincinnati, Ohio, a company which requires a high and honorable place in the world of medicine. It is one of the largest and most responsible houses in America. Any one who is acquainted in that city will testify to this fact.

The Von Mohl Company invites all men suffering from Lost Manhood, Spermatorrhœa, Varicocele, Impotency, or any nature in the Nerves or Sexual Organs, to send their names and receive a Five Days' treatment. This will prove the wonderful virtues and power of "CALTHOS." After using it five days the sufferers will feel like new vigor in their organs, new force in their muscles, new blood in their veins, new ambition, and rapid progress toward the boasted feelings and sensations of younger days.

This liberal free offer is genuine. There is no swindling C. O. D. or prescription scheme connected with it. The five days' treatment is sent by sealed mail to all on request, wrapped in a plain package, and full printed instructions accompany the medicine, so that each patient becomes his own doctor and cures himself at home.

It doesn't make any difference what caused the weakness—whether bad habits in youth, or excess, or overwork, or business troubles. "CALTHOS" will affect a cure, no matter what big name the disease may be called by doctors.

The Von Mohl Company trusts will it make public the name of any leader or conditions of cases. Their reputation is at stake. Of the thousands who have written testimonials telling of their remarkable cures by "CALTHOS" not one has been published without the writer's consent. Address, enclosing this notice:

The Von Mohl Co., 235 B, Cincinnati, O.

Largest Importers of Standard Preparations in the United States.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

NO SPAVINS

The worst possible spavin can be cured in 45 minutes. Ringbone, Curbs and Splints just as quick. Not painful and never has failed. Detailed information about this new method sent free to horse owners.

Write today. Ask for pamphlet No. 102.

Fleming Bros., Chemists, Union Stock Yds., Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MENDING TISSUE

The WONDER of the Age. No sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, satin, cotton and woolen fabrics of all kinds, and gloves, mackintoshes, umbrellas, parasols, corsets, etc. 1 Package, postpaid, 10 cents; 3 packages 25 cents. Address, Penn Publishing Co., Parnassus, Pa.

When Writing Mention Chicago Ledger.

The 21 JEWELED

adjusted patent regulator, stem wind and set, highest grade, solid gold, jeweled genuine **NATIONAL LIMITED**

movement in 6 carefully engraved double hunting cases and 20 year gold plate guaranteed to wear **ACCURATE WATCH** for 20 YEARS.

Send this ad to us and we will send the **WATCH AND CHAIN** to you **C. O. D. $2.50** and express charges for examination. If as represented, you pay $2.50 and express charges and it is yours. If not as represented, return it at our expense. Write if you want Watch and Chain. Mention this paper. Consolidated Co., Dept. 119 5 Chicago.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DO YOU WEAR A SHIRT?

Do You Want to... Save Laundry Bills?

You wear a shirt and you wish to save laundry expense, which you can do by ordering a pair of Unbutton Shirt Bosoms, Detachable Cuffs and Detachable Collars. Having a Different Bosom or Collar and Cuffs for every day in the week, costs no more than having a Different Shirt Bosom, Collar and Cuffs for each day. Detachable Cuffs and Collars are supplied in different styles and of different kinds of cloth highly finished. The designs vary from neat and conservative checks to the most elaborate and fanciful figures, with a few extremely "gorgeous" effects. Cuffs are 50c. per pair. Anywhere in one Second, by the simple "Linking Change" simply reach behind the Bosom and take the loose end of the middle button between the thumb and forefinger, give a quick jerk downward, and the stand revealed to the astonished beholder in a fresh, clean and entirely different shirt bosom. Price of Bosoms, Separate Detachable Bosom, 25 cents. SAVED, $2.75. Agents make big money. Write for terms to Agents.

W. C. WATKINS & CO., 710 LEWIS BLOCK, PITTSBURG, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

STRICTURE

Strong Painless Stricture Cure eradicates every trace of stricture, however long standing, from the urethra, prostate gland, seminal vesicles and enlargement of the Prostate Gland and restores Sexual Vitality. No cutting, stretching, dragging or bougies. We positively guarantee thorough, lasting and permanent cure. Send for free book.

PAY WHEN CURED

We want you to write us at once for our free book telling in terms you can understand all about our $5 direct local application to the affected parts, and its entirely harmless. Will send in plain sealed envelope to any address our interesting book, "An Honest Talk" containing many testimonials. Also a list of physicians in your locality who use our method.

FREE—15 DAYS' TRIAL TREATMENT.

D. A. SKEEN CO., 119 Alfred Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FREE FARMS

The New Homestead Law offers every man or woman a farm Free. Send 25 cents for new book containing the new homestead law and the name and location of every United States Land Office. This book tells just where to go for free farms and exactly what to do. Free farms are to be had in the states of Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, Mississippi, Missouri, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Texas, Utah, Kansas, Louisiana, Michigan, Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, Montana, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oregon, South Dakota, Texas, Utah, Washington, Wisconsin, Wyoming. You will find in this book how to secure free a farm among the gold fields of Colorado, the timber of Washington, the rich soil of the west, or the rice fields of the south. Send 25 cents for this new book.

W. C. WATKINS & CO., 710 LEWIS BLOCK, PITTSBURG, PA.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger. When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

BOYS WANTED TO SELL THE BLADE AND LEDGER.

We want a boy in every town to act as agent. We start you without asking a cent in advance. Fill out the blank below and we will send you a bundle of BLADES AND LEDGERS by mail, also report blanks, instructions, and certificate of agency. You report each week, paying only for papers you sell. You keep 2 cents out of every 5 cent sale and send us 3 cents. In this way you can earn a nice sum for your work. No experience necessary. We send full instructions so you can begin at once. Tear out the coupon below and send it in.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Boyce Building, Chicago, Ill.

GENTLEMEN: I would like to be your agent. agree to pay you for all papers I sell, less my commission. I also agree to report every week. Please send me a bundle of papers, report blanks, etc

Yours truly,

Name.....

Street..... *Town*.....

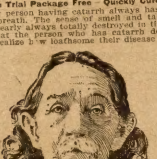
Date..... *State*.....

..., Foul Breath.

If You Continually K'hawk and Spit and There Is a Constant Dripping From the Nose Into the Throat, If You Have Foul, Sickening Breath, That Is Catarrh.

Large Trial Package Free - Quickly Cures.

Any person having catarrh always has a bad breath. The sense of smell and taste are nearly always destroyed in time so that the person who has catarrh does not realize how loathsome their disease is.



FRANK M. JONES, Sweet Home, Ark. Cured of Catarrh After Years of Suffering.

They continually clear the throat with k'hawking and spitting about promiscuously until they are shunned by everybody until they do them is enough to make a man sick. This is all an exaggerated but well person sick. Frank M. Jones, Montpelier, James Addison, Mo., contracted what says: "Twelve years ago I had a cold in the head. It soon seemed to be a cold all the time. It soon proved to be a horrible form of catarrh. I tried various cures, catarrh snuff, inhalers and all sorts of remedies, and one celebrated medicine treated me for a year without any relief. I gave up in despair. The dropping of mucus into my throat and the coughing and hawking in the morning, with pain in my head, grew constantly worse and my breath was something awful. I may say I used 50 catarrh remedies before I tried Gauss' Combined Catarrh Treatment. In a week I could breathe easily and naturally and I felt better than for years. To-day I am entirely cured of the loathsome disease and I owe my good health to Mr. Gauss and his wonderful combined treatment."

It gives wonderful relief, especially in those chronic cases where the mucus drops down the throat, sours the stomach, and leads to many diseases, including Consumption.

Catarrh is a deep-seated disease, and local applications, inhalations, sprays, ointments and salves will do no good. A trial package that will convince any sufferer is sent free of charge at once to C. E. Gauss, 62 Main St., Marshall, Mich.

$15,000 cash first; Gold Mining Cement Secret Factory; Salt Roof; Supply Co., Dept. C, Wayne, W. Va.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

RUPTURE. A new invention. No Pain. No Danger. Write for Booklet. Prepaid. Prepay True Co., Kalamazoo, Mich.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

COUNTRY LADY. Wealthy, of domestic taste would marry a kind, honorable gentleman. Send photo. Will Call. Box 1, Cadiz, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

DICE. Nonsuits $5.00. Carp dice $2.00. Bicycle CARDS $1.00. Carter & Co., Hopewood, Ind.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

ATTRACTIVE and Unincumbered American Lady, worth $70,000, would wed equal husband. Address, PACIFIC, 39 Dearborn street, Chicago, Ill.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

YOUR FORTUNE TOLD Truth you cannot see. Send stamp and FREE Circular. Prof. Lamont, Box 1, Cadiz, O.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

YOUNG WIDOW no children, owns fine farm and property, other property, desires to marry; cash wants kind, reliable husband. Box 61 Fort au Chicago
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A POSTAL will bring our new catalogue of different goods at low prices. STANDARD PUBLISHING Co., 113-8.23 St., Philada., Pa.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

MONEY. Confederate. Will give $50 if you can find one dollar or prove it to be regular issue. Send 4c. for 100 page book and 4 photos of Confederate money. Ben Green, Jackson, Miss.
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FITS Epilepsy, etc., permanently cured. Treatise and $2 trial bottle free. Established thirty years. DR. K. HOFFMAN, 3533 ELLIS AVE., CHICAGO
When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

A Fortune Builder

To an investment in shares of the MISSOURI, KANSAS and TEXAS OIL CO. Under the management of the Beatties, forces as among the first and most successful operators in the Texas oil field. No like offer in the market.

TWO LARGE CUSHERS

and one more to follow. This company is not a promoter. Already a producing company. **DIVIDEND No. 1. Dividend of 5% per cent. Will Be Declared May 1st.** Earnings and assets will follow.

PRICE PER SHARE 10 CENTS ONLY

$10.00 BUYS 100 SHARES. $25.00 BUYS 250 SHARES and so forth.

Here is an opportunity for small capitalists and money-savers to invest in an already successful enterprise. Why not secure your share of the enormous fortunes that are made in the Texas oil fields? Lay the foundation to big profits by a small investment. **Buy Before Price Advances.** Address for stock, prospectus and any information.

M. G. VINCENT & CO.,
70-71 DEARBORN ST., BANK FLOOR CHICAGO, ILL.

When Writing Mention The Chicago Ledger.

FOR YOUTHFUL EYES

Odd Ways of Birds.

Interesting bits of gossip about the bird ways were exchanged by the members of the Baltimore Audubon Society at a recent meeting. One member gave some reminiscences of a broken-winged crow that had been prevented by its infirmity from mingling with others of its own kind. It fell into the hands of a college president in Virginia and eventually became a member of the gentleman's family. It not only adapted its birdship to its surroundings, but evidently took on some human traits. Through observation or instinct the bird discovered that a fire side is warm and dry, and one day after having been out in the rain the bird hopped into the house, stretched out its wet wings before the fire and waited there until they were dry again. On another occasion the bird showed that it possessed some sense of color by separating from a pile of scraps of different colors all the threads of blue.

The base ingratitude of an oriole—as it had come to the attention of an acquaintance—was the theme of a story told by another. The oriole, it seems, had tumbled out of his swinging nest and had been picked up by the lady to whom afterward he was so ungrateful. When the lady attempted to put the bird back in the nest the bird objected. His little whim was respected and he was taken into the house. A diet of worms was furnished, but Mr. Oriole would have a taste of the things that he was accustomed to eat, and bread, boiled eggs and sugar took the place of the worms. He developed a fondness for candy, and that also was supplied. While he was very charming, he was also a very determined little autocrat. He had a way of waking up his mistress in the morning and demanding his breakfast of bread and butter. After he had been fed he would take an after-breakfast nap on his sister-in-law's head. He was fond of fun and could see nothing better than to get hold of and tangle his mistress' hair. In consequence of this the dwindling process was going on this small fluffy creature had to be put out of the room. All went well until autumn came. But when the rest of the birds began to get ready for the winter trips southward the oriole began to get restless. One morning he was seen hopping on the window ledge. The next instant there was a flash of yellow—and he had gone back to his own people and his own ways. His experiment in civilization was over.

Funston's Way of Fighting.

A Populist paper of Kansas thinks that if General Fred Funston is "human," the joy of his home-coming will be tempered by "remorse" over the death of so many fine Kansas boys who met their fate in "needless and glory-seeking campaigns."

There has been much similar comment along the line of thought that Funston was foolhardy and careless of the lives of his men. Yet there are facts easily obtainable which prove quite the contrary. No one will dispute the claim that Funston's regiment was in the thickest of the fight in that memorable campaign opening with the assault of the Filipinos at Manila, and that it gathered more glory than any other volunteer regiment on the islands. And no one can dispute the records of the War department, which show that the Twentieth Kansas had fewer casualties than many other volunteer regiments which saw much less fighting.

The truth is that Funston was almost the first commander among the island forces to discover that the way to whip the Filipinos was to charge straight at them with a yell, regardless of fortifications or other apparent advantages. The Twentieth Kansas never made a charge before which the enemy failed to yield, and, therefore, the battles of the regiment were swift and decisive. Funston had learned something of this in his campaigns in Cuba. His experience there taught him that the dark-skinned native could not withstand a fierce onslaught. So his apparent recklessness was really a measure of safety for his own forces, as is abundantly proved by the record of casualties for his own and other regiments.

We may well imagine that Gen. Funston will feel a deep and abiding sorrow as he remembers the many brave Kansas boys who gave up their lives at the call of duty but to speak of this feeling as "remorse" is wholly unwarranted.

Five-Year-Old Faith.

In a family of several children, one little five-year-old was busily watching all the rest at play. Mamma was sick, and all the children were playing with rag dolls except Neddy—there wasn't one for him. Going to his mamma he asked her permission to use the telephone. After ringing, he said:

"Hallloo. Exchange!"

"Hallo!" came back the answer.

"Please give me heaven."

There was great surprise in the exchange office for a moment, and then the answer to his shouting:

"All right; connected with heaven."

Neddy then said: "Dear God, please make my mamma well, and send us another rag baby, for we are one short, and I can't play with the children."

Jack's Puzzle.

"Daddy," asked little Jack, "where does a snake begin when he wants to wag his tail?"

Ladies Cure Tobacco

Secretly at Home---Tr... age Free to All wh... Name and Addre...

Men, who have tried time a... quit tobacco have been instant... the habit by a harmless compound by a famous Ohio chemist.

No More Smoke or Dirty Spi... Home.

once and forever the craving for... and makes it impossible for... chew or smoke. The marvelous... remedy is that it is odorless a... It is taken in milk, water, ... food without any bad effects... women have already cured the... and sons of the tobacco habit... slightest danger of detection... quit tobacco and if you will w... Drug and Chemical Co., ... St., Cincinnati, Ohio, they... large trial package FREE in a... wrapper, and it will prove be... to cure yourself or anyone e... tobacco in any form.

C. S. A. MONEY Circulars Co... When Writing Mention The C...

IOWA FARMS $4 PER ... CASH BALANCE 1 OR 2 YR. MATURITIES
When Writing Mention The C...

MARRIAGE PAPER... Publishers... FREE. ... P. O. GUNNEL...
When Writing Mention The C...

LUCKY SEALS AND T... DOLLAR BOOK TO SEAL BY... Co...
When Writing Mention The C...

PRETTY BLONDES A Scien... scriptions, Residences and Photos... J. H. Harris, 306 Monroe Street, ...
When Writing Mention The C...

A PAYING PROFESSI... come independent. Be you... time free. Prof. S. A. Weir, ...
When Writing Mention The C...

PATENTS PRO... Miss B. Stevens & Sons, ...
When Writing Mention The C...

WANTED—Men to learn barber... cessful; constant demand; ... desired, two months learn; ... and Board. Moler Barber ... St., New Orleans La., Wash...
When Writing Mention The C...

FREE! MAIL ROAD... Lists, Catalogues, Circulars, ... fully explained. Rapid Hand ... SENT FREE. Mail Road Co., ... exhausted. Address FORE... Publisher, P. O. Box 1197, ...
When Writing Mention The C...

Big Money... Make or mo... Large sa... Lowest ... Outfit ... Write ... Co., ...
When Writing Mention The C...

MURINE CURE... Makes Weak Eyes Strong; Old Eyes... Night. Cures Sore and Inflamed Eyes... lashes. Eye advice, eye book and full... Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago. ... sizes 25 cts. by mail. MURINE EYE ... Chicago. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic ...
When Writing Mention The C...

ALL CHRONIC DIS...
Quickly and safely cured at home... pletes Method of treatment ... Dropsy, Diseases of the Blood, ... Heart or Lungs, Nervousness, ... Female Diseases, Rupture, Piles, ... Kidney Disease and get a cure certain... FREE book of information. Address ... THE MEDO-CULTURE INSTITUTE, 16 C...
When Writing Mention The C...

FREE...
Booklet, map, prospectus and ... Tiger Copper Co., ... within a short time ... on mining stock and ... ted FREE. Address ... The Federa... 97 Dearborn St...
When Writing Mention The C...

HISTORIC BOST...
32 VIEWS OF BOSTON A...
daintily bound and worth 25c. We ... to all Americans. Will be sent ... of 10c. Only 30,000 to be issued ... as ever lived; readers of this paper ...
SHEPARD NORWELL CO., BO...
When Writing Mention The C...